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RELIGION

"IT is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed, which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign, and, in words or otherwise, assert. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion, which is often only from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But, the thing a man does practically believe, the thing a man does practically lay to heart and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his religion; or, it may be his mere scepticism and *no-religion*; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. The thoughts he had were the parents of the actions he did; his feelings were parents of his thoughts; it was the unseen and spiritual in him that determined the outward and the actual;—his religion, as I say, was the great fact about him."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

POPULARITY

"WHAT was Miss X doing," I asked a friend of mine one day, and I was surprised when he answered, "Oh, she was just being affable." It was a reply which made me think. How well it suited some people who spend their lives in being affable to everyone they meet, and incidentally in gaining popularity, and yet —is such popularity worth having? To stimulate a perpetual benevolent smile, to say "yes" to everyone's opinion, always to pour oil on troubled waters, everlastingly to behave in such a way that people are coaxed to like us, simply because they cannot dislike us, is a popularity that ought to be shunned rather than cultivated.

I must not, however, be misunderstood. Affability when it is genuine and natural, is an admirable quality to possess. To be always pleasant and cheerful, and to be slow in finding fault with others, are traits of character, which ought to be considered precious; a quality of tact, which is inestimable; but the affability, which we affect, just because we wish to be popular and termed "jolly good fellows," ought to be guarded against.

Popularity of a superficial kind is easy to achieve in the world of today. There are various ways in which we can be approved of by those who do not take the trouble seriously to read our inner characters. The easiest way is that mentioned above, when we are "nice" to everyone and cover our fundamental faults with a cloak of hypocrisy, and assumed good-fellowship. The fault here lies as much in those of us who crave for such cheap popularity, as in those who are willing to give it for the asking.

"I like that man so much," says A to B, "because he is so good and kind to me. There is absolutely no swank about him." And if B happens to know that very man to be not very good as far as his inner life in concerned, and says so to A, A will stand up for him and find fault with B for maligning his friend's character. What does A care for the character of a man, so long as he has been kind to him? Verily, what an important part self plays in making a man popular!

Another way of gaining surface popularity is by pretending to be sporting, when we are not really so. This sort of popularity is indeed very easy to achieve. All we have to do is to wear a mask of outward gaiety and appear to take everything in good part. A little humour and frivolity coupled with good nature, which makes us play a losing game well, gives us what we want, and we are termed "jolly good sports." But, how many of us are really sporting in spirit? To be sporting on the Cricket field or on the Tennis court is different from being sporting in the privacy of one's domestic world. The Umpire calls a well-known batsman out, and the latter walks off the field cheerfully, and the audience claps, and perhaps the batsman becomes a hero to the public; but who is to prove that he does not spend the rest of the evening grumbling against the unfairness of the umpire, and showing his temper on others at the unjust decision. The true sport is he who, not only grins in public, but who really feels within himself that there is as much credit in losing as in winning, so long as he has done his best; and the real sport is he, who, not only ignores a joke that is played on him publicly, but feels no resentment within. Popularity, achieved through genuine sportsmanship, is worth having.

Yes, hypocrisy in any form, can make us popular in the world of to-day, which does not take the trouble to look deep enough, but

is satisfied with surface views; and the sad part of it is that most of us pander to such hypocrisy. We exult in our powers of acting. The moment we are in company, a magical cloak of outer splendour hides all our inner faults, and our friends go away praising us. Let them but turn back, and who knows what they will not find? Just as the women of today are becoming more and more unnatural in their beauty, striving to achieve effects with cosmetics, even so, the popularity of today is very often gained through hypocrisy rather than through genuine good nature.

> "All that glitters is not gold;
> Often have you heard that told:
> Many a man his life hath sold
> But my outside to behold:
> Gilded tombs do worms enfold."

There are some men, however—a very few—who have gained a real popularity, through the sincerity and truth of their lives. These are those men, who have not feared the stringent remarks of the public, and who have not voluntarily sought for popularity; staunch, large-hearted, courageous men, who defy the world. Such men cannot help having followers, because their personalities are like magnets, and through no great effort on their part, they become popular; but more often than not, it takes a long time for them to become universally popular, because their frankness creates more enemies than friends. Nothing, which the world may say however, affects them, for they have gained "that peace which the world cannot give". They have love and sympathy for the whole universe, because they are embodiments of truth and beauty. Those, who are not followers of the true light, therefore, persecute them, and very often they suffer during their life-time, even as Christ did of yore.

Their names, however, live on for ever, and as ages pass, they are appreciated more and more, and they gain a popularity that will never die. This is the true popularity, which comes to those, who, to the detriment of all personal comforts, strive to stamp out evil and create good. But alas, how far away from this goal of perfectness we are, and how puny, small and narrow do our characters seem when we think of the majestic natures of such heroes. There can be no fault, however, in keeping these great men as our ideals, and in striving to follow in their foot-steps in our own humble way.

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN.

THE WOMAN TEACHER IN INDIA

MORE and more is the average educated woman in India to-day, getting susceptible to the lure of new things around her, and the teaching profession doubtless is affording to many of them a necessary and perhaps a legitimate attraction. Men might think of them as the 'Annapurnas and the Lakshmis' of their homes, as an aged professor remarked the other day at Benares; but these 'Annapurnas and Lakshmis' of today are getting to be different from the ideals of old visionaries: in fact in spite of the many odds against them women in india have begun to look at things in a proper rational way. They are seeing a spade as a spade, and one feels that the average sensible woman knows exactly what she is about. But, all the same, it is to be deplored that the woman teacher in India is still a class by herself—almost a caste—if one might use a somewhat stale expression.

What do people think about the woman teacher in India, when public men and women meet and talk at private gatherings; what do they say about the woman teacher in the India of to-day?

It is not an easy question to answer: but in a most general way it may be said, that it is utter indifference that one observes, as men talk of these matters. To most men in India the woman teacher means nothing. They look upon her as one, who by a curious destiny has fallen into a profession, because either there was none other for her to take up, and she thought of making at the most the best use of a bad one, considering the fact that she had not the least chance in the matrimonial line. One has had opportunities to move among such groups of public men: men who ought to know better than to talk so and who on the other hand ought to stand up definitely for certain things, in their capacity as public men; but the fact strikes one that most men do not simply care about the woman teacher in India. As regards the women perhaps, they are a little better off: at least a sense of fair play makes them stand up for the members of their sex and also show them sometimes a sneaky sort of indulgence. But they are not above talking quite cheaply of the low-paid, but honourable, woman teacher. How many times hasn't one heard the idle whisper in a fashionable Ladies Recreation Club, as they discussed about Miss So and So, or Poor Mrs. So and So; "my daughter's teacher"?

There is no exaggeration about these things. The fact is there is scarcely any public opinion worth the name, where educational matters are concerned and especially about women teachers. And, thus between a cold irresponsible indifference and a patronising let-live policy, it is no wonder that the average woman teacher in India feels her position very acutely as often humiliating?

Srimathi A. K. Rukmani,
of Cochin, who has passed in the first-class
the *Pravesika* examination in Hindi,
and the Industrial examination in music.

Photo by Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

Miss L. Bhavani Amma,
who is the first lady from Kerala to pass the Mahopadhyaya examination. She was given a gold medal at a public meeting of the Thiya ladies of Travancore

Photo by R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

But who are these women teachers? They belong to the middle class generally, who have had the advantage of a little learning, who have not often the elaborate means to live and set up a family; who are happy to avail themselves of the little economic independence which their profession gives them; and who, regardless of the drudgery involved, still try to bring a little sunshine into the heartless imaginative municipal school buildings, into privately-endowed schools and into many of the government institutions. One sees a number of these little women coming out of their schools at the end of a long weary day, their thin muslin saris clinging clammily to them, their lips drooping at the corners, dry and parched, with a startled hungry expression in their eyes. One finds hundreds of such girls, good, bad, poor and indifferent, crowding the secondary schools in cities like Madras, or Bombay or Calcutta. They are all of them, I suppose, well-qualified to do their task, and one agrees that, without any exception, the quality of the woman entering the teaching profession to-day in all its branches is never too low; but what the woman teacher needs in India is a little attention—a little more respect from those around her. That will definitely help her to do her task better.

I do not know how many people, who are interested in such matters, have ever cared to visit the little schools where swarms of children get through the four or five school hours, in trying to learn a little arithmetic, a little singing and some indifferent reading as well. In many of these schools, there are often more men teachers than women teachers and the tyranny the men exercise over the latter in their charge is as undesirable as it is unnecessary. The acute differentiation, which is often made between boys' schools and girls' schools, makes matters worse still. I, for one, do not see why little boys and girls should not be put to school together and an endeavour be made to have more and more Women Teachers to take charge of the children, who gather there day after day. In most cities in India elementary education is free, and the percentage of children attending either the municipal or other institutions is getting to be considerable. In the case of certain muncipalities, several amenities are provided for, like the Free Lunch scheme for the children, occasional outings, camps etc. This is as it should be. But one must confess that precious little is done to better the lot of the schoolmistress, to make her calling really attractive and to inspire her.

There are two stumbling blocks in the way of the Indian School mistress, however enthusiastic she may be, and however full of enterprise is the starting and shaping of her career. The first, as I said before, is the general public neglect and the curious distinction made between men and women teachers. One often hears so much about the initiative and enterprise of the staff of men in a

school. The press of the country too has more often laudatory paragraphs about prominent men teachers. But it must be remembered that there is a great deal of magnificient work being done to-day by women, in connection with elementary and higher education. Their work is of a transitional character it must be admitted, and perhaps too it may not be so distinctive as in the case of men; but one must recognise that there are rapid and remarkable developments now in progress. It is necessary only to mention how enthusiastically some of the women have taken to school work and teaching, and in specialisation in kindergarten and child training. The Montessori schools at Madras, the Fellowship School at Bombay, and a host of other experimental institutions all over the country, started and conducted with a fair degree of support and measure of goodwill, are excellent witnesses of the enterprise of the women and their determination to take to this arduous profession in a business-like way. One fondly hopes that a time will come, when the whole system of elementary and secondary education in the country will be entirely in the hands of the women teachers themselves.

"Men teachers for boys" may be a very good slogan: but women teachers should not be discredited; for one cannot but feel and admire their patience and their perception in unfolding child-nature, and the efficiency which makes them peculiarly fit to teach all children up to the age of 9 or 10, boys as well as girls.

"The influence of women teachers" said an English educationist, "is splendid and entirely on the side of progress and uplift."

The second stumbling block, it seems to me, is the curious want of organisation amongst the women themselves. I do not see any reason why they should not make their influence felt a little more firmly. One has yet to hear of an organisation in India like that of the N.U.T. or equally strong and virile associations which tend to increase the standard of their profession and the number of their organisations. A central body like the All India Womens' Conference can definitely take up their cause and help, by means of a network of branches, to build a regular order, instead of merely talking and passing resolutions about side issues.

Such a thing is very essential, if women teachers in India are to have their rightful place: THEY MUST GET TOGETHER. They must consult together, and must have faith in one another, faith too in the education and in the profession they have voluntarily adopted. After all, they have nothing to fear from men as such, considering the fact that their opposition does not really matter. But, it behoves the women to make up their minds about the goal before them, and to keep it ever in the forefront, regardless of the petty tyranny, fears, hesitations and gloomy mutterings around them. It is all worth the risk: for truly have the

women teachers in India a fine field of work before them, which is theirs for the mere asking. And, let us remember too that the case of an Independent India or of a Dominion of India, depends very much indeed upon the type of the citizen of the future. And who else is qualified to help in this task, but the woman teacher?

Let her, therefore, have the faith and the vision necessary. She need not only remain the "Annapurna or Lakshmi"; but she might be something else besides. She may become the one person, to whom the young men and women of to-morrow, shall turn back in gratitude and remember, as they remember their mothers. Is this not possible for her?

R. L. RAU.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE

IN his charming book of travels made in the East about 1835, Kinglake makes mention of a lady who passed from a gay and high life in England to a monastery on the slopes of Mount Lebanon, through a series of events, extraordinary and wonderful. When Kinglake reached Beyrout, he found that the standing topic of interest in all society, among the Europeans as well as the Christians of Syria, was Lady Hester Stanhope, an Englishwoman who lived in an old convent on the Lebanon range. There was a charming mystery round that woman, and her habit of refusing to see Europeans added to the charm.

Lady Hester Stanhope was the child of a great aristocracy, which very often threw off ill-balanced members who chose strange meteoric courses. She was the eldest child of the third Earl of Stanhope, by his first wife Lady Hester Pitt, who was the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Chatham. Her father was an extraordinary man, who defended the French Revolution in the House of Commons and treated armorial bearings as "damned aristocratical nonsense". Born in 1776, an year eventful in the history of the world, she lost her mother when she was four years old, and then passed to the care of her stepmother, who was a veritable tyrant in the governance of her household. Her father too had become excitable and wayward in his disposition. Hester's spirit was too strong to submit either to the tyranny of her stepmother, or the waywardness of her father. Even as a child she had displayed wonderful courage among the women of Somersetshire by breaking in their vicious horses. Early in 1800, she found life so intolerable with her father and stepmother that she sought for shelter in the house of her grandmother, Lady Chatham, who was a pathetic, graceful and loving woman.

On the death of Lady Chatham in 1803, William Pitt, her second son who was a bachelor, invited Hester to keep house for him. In making this invitation, the great premier "unselfishly made a great sacrifice and cheerfully ran a great risk". He had loved his sister, Hester's mother, so well that he could not bear to see his niece oppressed again. Hester sat at the head of her uncle's table and enlivened his guests by her quick and keen talk. Her stately beauty was a great source of attraction to them. But unfortunately she had a genius for satire which raised many enemies. She led her uncle an uncomfortable life with her terrible frankness of speech. Until he died in 1806, she ruled his household and figured brilliantly in society. She had such talents for business that Pitt made her his private secretary. But he had to endure much from her; for, though she was greatly devoted to him, she was often vain and petulant, and at times fretted off into something like insanity. She courted Lord Granville ; but jilted by him she went distracted and it was supposed that she had even attempted to commit suicide.

During the three years that Hester was in charge of Pitt's household, the condition of England was stormy and its very safety was threatened. Napoleon Bounaparte had conceived the ambition of enthroning himself as Lord of the world, on the ruins of a subjugated Britain and a shattered British Empire. In May 1803, England declared war on France ; and for two years, the war remained a duel. Napoleon was bent on invading England with a large conscript army encamped at Boulogne and asked from Providence that he might have twenty-four hours' command of the English Channel. But Britain, with her fleets under Nelson and his compeers keeping the narrowing seas, prevented the grant of that demand to Napoleon. At the end of that period, William Pitt who had displaced Addington as PrimeMinister, compelled Napoleon to abandon his projected invasion, by organising against him a coalition which was joined in turn by Russia, Austria and Prussia. The coalition saved England from fear of invasion, but ended soon after ingloriously. Napoleon won the battle of Austerlitz in December 1805 and shattered the coalition. When this terrible news reached Pitt, he cried out to Hester in bitter despair and bade her "Roll up the map of Europe." Within two months from that day, Pitt closed his eyes for ever, bidding a solemn farewell to his niece. The gratitude of his countrymen expressed itself in the House of Commons in voting among other things for a life pension of twelve hundred pounds a year to Lady Hester.

The death of William Pitt reduced Lady Hester considerably, and she became a dethroned princess. Still, she did not abandon society. She flirted with three more men and in 1810, she set sail for Gibralter with her brother who went to take part in the Penin-

sular War. Since then, she moved eastwards slowly and in great state. She was conveyed in battleships and lodged with governors and ambassadors. She passed on to Constantinople through Malta and Athens and then sailed for Alexandria chartering a Greek vessel. During her voyage to Alexandria which she reached after many severe privations, she became definitely orientalised and developed a strong dislike for life in Europe. England receded from her mind completely. The poor island seems to have been scorned by her, because it had not enough of God's grace to keep the "heaven-sent" minister alive! Very commonly, when goaded by sorrow, proud people feel a longing for the East, and Lady Hester obeyed this impulse when she left Europe for ever.

From Alexandria, Lady Hester passed on to Cairo, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Acre and Damascus. Wherever she went, she went with splendour and magnificence. At Constantinople, her near alliance to the "heaven-sent" minister gained great influence. When she passed into Syria, the people of that country excited by the achievements of Sir Sidney Smith, looked upon her as a princess who had come to prepare the way for the occupation of their land by the British. The prestige created by the rumours of her high and undefined rank as well as of her wealth and magnificence was well supported by her imperiousness and her dauntless courage. She moved about in a gorgeous costume wearing a turban, waistcoat and pantaloons, and she forced her maid into trousers despite her protest. When she entered Damascus, the people became amazed and then thoroughly enthusiastic. For sometime, she exercised something like sovereignty amongst the wandering tribes of the East.

When Kinglake was fortunate enough to have her audience, he found her dwelling in an irregular building which had been a convent, on the summit of one of the many low hills of Lebanon. She had been struck down by illness at Laodicea and felt that all was vanity. She informed Kinglake that for her sin she had subjected herself for many years to severe penance. The half ruined convent in which she lived knew no ruler except herself. In truth, it was the only spot throughout all Syria and Palestine in which the will of the Pasha of Egypt was not the law. She was the queen of her hermitage and the people around the place she lived in, feared her and loved her. She plunged into astrology and divination. Books and newspapers were totally ignored by her and the stars were the only source from which she drew all her 'sublime' knowledge. All the knowledge pretended by the Europeans was vain and false in her estimation and she considered that they were frivolous and ignorant. She had such contempt for her country, that if she was over inclined to leave the convent, she weuld not return to England but would go to Arabia to live among the Bedouins there.

Lady Hester's last days were passed in raving about the past and the present. She was invited to return to England. But, having none of the Englishwoman left in her now, she spurned the invitation. Her pension was cut off subsequently. It provoked furious letters from her to Lord Palmerston and Queen Victoria. She then renounced, the world altogether and after a year, died.

Thus ended the life of Chatham's fiery grand-daughter. A century before, "a splendid comet filled half the heavens and then vanished suddenly into desolation and darkness". Even more uncommon than Lady Mary Wortley Montague, was Lady Hester Stanhope who met with a most uncommon fate.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

OUR SCIENTIFIC ARTICLE

POPULAR ASTRONOMY

I

In this series it is proposed to present the subject of Astronomy, the most ancient of sciences, in such a manner that the general reader will easily be able to understand the structure of the Universe in space. On a clear, dark night when we look at the sky we see myriads and myriads of bright objects of various magnitudes. The countless shimmering stars send their light rays to us through the cold depths of space. Now let us try to understand the nature and properties of this star-spangled heaven. We can understand the properties of the heavenly bodies only from the light rays that these bodies send us. Light rays travel at the tremendous rate of one hundred and eighty six thousand miles per second. These light rays are collected through a telescope and are made to yield their secrets. Thus we find the astronomer plunging into the depths of space through his telescope in search after the heavenly bodies.

The sun is the most conspicuous object in the sky. It is the centre of the Solar system. Life on this earth depends entirely upon the sun. The sun and the attendant planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, the Asteroids, Jupiter,Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, in the order of their distances, the newly discovered planet and the various comets and meteors constitute the solar system. These planets, comets and meteors, go round the sun. The sun itself is a star. It is eight hundred and sixty-five thousand miles in diameter, and its mass is several million tons. The outermost part of the sun's atmosphere known as the Corona is nearly five thousand degrees in temperature. Every minute the sun is radiating into space several million tons of energy. Yet the sun is able to keep up the supply of energy from the disintegration of matter.

When sun-light is passed through a prism we get what is known as the Spectrum, composed of various colours, as we see in a rainbow. By analysing this Spectrum we find out the nature and properties of the substances present in the sun. Each substance has its own characteristic Spectrum. Very many familiar terrestrial elements are identified in the sun's atmosphere.

The brilliant surface of the sun is called the photosphere. During a total eclipse we can see the chromosphere as a region of red flame projecting beyond the sun's disk. Above this chromosphere is the Corona which can be seen only during a total eclipse. The Corona is a vast region of clouds, the nature of which is not yet well-understood. The prominences are elevated portions of the chromosphere formed out of gas blown up by eruptions from below. Sometimes they reach a height of five hundred thousand miles. At times we find dark spots on the surface of the sun. These spots are only relatively dark on the very bright background. The spots have their origin in powerful convection currents rising from the depths of the sun's interior. These spots are the centres of very powerful magnetic fields. The movement of these spots on the sun's disk proves that the sun is rotating on its axis. A regular periodicity has been found in the appearance of these spots. The sun is considered to be a typical star and hence a study of the sun brings out very many important facts and truths which greatly adds to our knowledge of the Universe in general. In our own country we have a splendidly-equipped observatory at Kodaikanal devoted wholly to Solar research.

Now we shall consider the individual members of the Solar family, namely the planets, and their satellites. These planets move round the sun in their orbits obeying the law of universal gravitation. All the planets are practically in the same plane. Mercury is the nearest planet to the sun, and it is nearly 3000 miles in diameter. As it is very close to the sun it is rarely seen with the unaided eye, but at times it appears as a morning or evening star. Mercury always keeps the same face to the sun. And so it is positively certain that no form of life exists on this planet. The planet can be seen as a dark spot when it crosses the sun's disc. Mercury has phases like the moon, as its orbit is smaller than that of the earth. Its orbit round the sun is very eccentric. The next planet, Venus, is 67 millions of miles from the sun. Its diameter is 7700 miles and so we see that it is nearly equal in size to the earth. It is one of the most brilliant objects in the sky and can be seen as a morning or evening star. The planet completes one revolution round the sun in 225 days. Venus also shows phases. It crosses the sun's disc once in 130 years and this is known as the transit. It is an established fact that Venus has a dense atmosphere. Its climate is also very favourable for the existence of physical life. Whether it is an inhabited world or no, we cannot say definitely.

Next to Venus is our own earth but here we shall deal only with its satellite, the Moon. The Moon, as every-one knows, goes round the Earth. It is nearly 240 thousand miles from the earth and it is 2100 miles in diameter. The Moon exerts a very great influence on the Earth. The tides owe their origin to the influence of the Moon. The Moon always keeps the same face to the Earth. When it is seen through a telescope, we can find its surface covered with great pits which resemble the volcanic craters on the Earth. The origin and nature of these craters has not yet been well understood. Astronomers think, that these craters were formed by the bombardment of huge meteors on the surface of the Moon. There is no air or water on the Moon. It is absolutely barren and desolate. The Moon's passing between a star and the Earth is known as occultation. We all know that an eclipse occurs when the Moon passes between the Earth and the sun. Astronomers are of opinion that the Moon was once part of the Earth and that it broke off from the Earth millions of years back due to some accident. The Moon is slowly receding away from the Earth, but it will take millions of years to note any appreciable change. Now we shall take up that wonderful planet, Mars. It is 4300 miles in diameter and goes round the sun once, in 687 days. It can be seen as a red star in the sky. Its surface features are distinctly seen through a telescope. The Martian day is nearly of 24 hours duration. The one wounderful thing about this planet is, the streaks that we see on its surface which resemble canals. The two great astronomers, Lowell and Pickering, have made a thorough study of this planet. The conditions on Mars are eminently suited for physical life. Mars has two satellites, Phobos and Deimos. No doubt, Mars will remain a planet of mystery.

According to the empirical law of Bode, there must be a planet between Mars and Jupiter. The first asteriod was discovered by the astronomer, Piazzi, and its orbit was computed by the great German mathematician Gauss. This was thought to be the missing planet according to Bode's law. Soon, another surprising discovery followed. Olbers found a new body in nearly the same orbit. Soon a number of small bodies were found to be moving in nearly the same orbit and they were named 'the Asteroids.' What is the origin of these bodies? Evidences seem to be against the view that they are fragments of a broken planet. It is definitely concluded by astronomers that the Asteroids are remains of a cloudy ring thrown off by the solar system. Jupiter is the biggest planet in the solar system . It is 483 million miles from the sun and has a diameter of nearly 88000 miles. It completes one revolution round the sun in 12 years. Its density is only 0·24. The temperature of Jupiter is very high and the force of gravity on its surface is nearly 2·5 times that of Earth. Jupiter is suspected to be partly gaseous. It has a system of nine moons. A mysterious spot was seen

on the surface of Jupiter in 1878, but now it has vanished. Due to its gigantic size, Jupiter has some influence on the sun. Some astronomers are of opinion that the sun-spots are caused by the influence of Jupiter.

(To be continued).

C. K. MONEY.

[N. B.—This new series of article has been introduced in place of Our Historical Articles.—EDITOR.]

THE EMERALD CASKET

(A STORY)

I

BOOM ! Boom ! went the sirens of the s. s. Demon, as she moved off from the quay. All her passengers were on deck, waving their last farewells to their dear ones. Everybody was so engrossed in his own affairs that nobody noticed a man and a girl slip away from the crowd, and disappear to a more sheltered part of the ship.

"That was a close shave, Gloria, I never thought that we would get on board so easily. I am glad we went to Drummer for help, he has managed everything very well so far."

"Yes, Richard, but when we were interviewing him, I didn't think that he had sufficient ability to do anything, let alone what we wanted : I never believe in people who talk as much as he did then. I hope that he will carry out the other ideas as well as he did this one. By the way what were you two plotting about, when I was looking round the room ?"

"That is my business just at present", replied Richard Foran. "When everything is ready, you will be told, Gloria. If I let you help me this time, it will be a difficult part, which if carried out well will mean success and wealth not only for you but the whole gang. If not—Hello ! here come some people. I'll see you latter".

Thus they parted, and Gloria went in search of her friends.

"How handsome Lord Foster is" exclaimed one old lady sitting in a big group in the saloon. "Yes" replied another "and he is said to be very wealthy and owns huge estates. I envy the girl he marries, don't you?"

"Rather" sighed a younger woman, "I believe he has a vast collection of caskets of different shapes and sizes, and in one of these there is a treasure hidden, which would be of great value to a Mahommedan."

"Collecting caskets must be rather an interesting hobby, especially if one travels a great deal", said another.

The groups talked and discussed other subjects, but the listener had heard all that he wanted to know, and slipped noiselessly out of the room.

"That teasure must be found", he muttered, "even if I have to torture his Lordship to reveal its hiding place. If he doesn't tell? Well, we will see what will happen."

II

After a week at sea, the Captain thought, as everybody was looking bored, it would liven them up if he announced a dance; and, as he had expected, the announcement interested everybody.

The whole day was spent by the ladies in deciding which gown they would wear, and in making preparations for the occasion. The news of the dance was for the "Flappers" a source of great joy and excitement, especially as Young Lord Foster would be there, which made the girls even more enthusiastic, and every girl was determined to look better than the others. There was only one girl, who was not quite as excited as the others and she was prettier than all the rest. Her name was Manette and she was the only daughter of Mr. Hastings. Her trunk had not yet been sent up to her cabin, and she had no decent frock to wear for the dance. When her father entered, she was sitting on her bunk, wondering what she could do.

"What am I to do, Father, my trunk hasn't been brought up yet, and I haven't a single frock decent enough to wear for a dance?"

"Never mind, darling", replied her father. "I will go and see that it is brought up at once."

After he had been away a few minutes, he returned with one of the crew, carrying the trunk. "Thank you so much" said Manette joyfully to the sailor. "I am very much obliged to you."

"Thanks so much, daddy darling, you are a dear; and now I must unpack".

After kissing her father, Manette set to work to unpack the trunk and Mr. Hastings stood by, eyeing her with great satisfaction. When all was finished, and her frock had been chosen for the dance, her father said that he wished to speak to her for a moment. "I don't want to scare you, Manette, but I have been watching a certain young man and a girl, whom I believe to be his Secretary. They are behaving in a very peculiar way and I think that they are up to some mischief, so I want you to watch them very carefully and, in a general way, to keep your eye on them. My friends and I will do the same and please report to me anything that you think is unusual. Come with me now, and I will point them out to you."

The dance was in full swing, and everybody was enjoying it, especially Manette, who was now dancing with Lord Foster, who admired her more every minute. The clock had just struck twelve, when suddenly all the lights went out—There was a thud—a scream—a shuffling of feet, then silence.

As suddenly as the lights had gone out, they came on again, and to Manette's surprise, she found herself dancing with the man whom she had been told to watch. Manette thought this strange, as she had particularly noticed that this man had not been in the room before the lights went out. Had he anything to do with the disappearance of Lord Foster? She would speak to her father about it later. In the meantime she must dance with this particularly unpleasant and sallow-faced individual.

III

When the dance with her strange partner was over, Manette went to her father and, finding him alone, told him everything.

"This is a very serious affair," said her father grimly, "you had better plead a head-ache and go to your cabin, and I will come to you in a few minutes."

Manette did as she was bidden and retired, but although she did not know it, she was being followed. Suddenly, she was seized and held fast. She screamed. "Help! how dare you!—Take your hands off me—If you won't, I'll scream and the others will come—Help! Help!"

"Oh! No, you don't my girl", said Foran with a sneer. "Where's the gag, chaps? Give it to me, and you, bind her hands and feet with that rope over there."

When Manette woke up, she found herself in a strange place in utter darkness. After a while she saw by the streaks of light that came through the one small porthole, that she was in a small room, like a prison cell. In the opposite corner was a dark heap, —What was it?

The last thing she remembered was a hand being clapped over her mouth—Who had done it? Who was the strange man she had found herself dancing with, when the lights had come on again? Were the two the same? And again, where was she now? Menette asked herself these questions; then aloud she said, "By the way, where is Lord Foster?" To her surprise, a voice answered, "Here I am, Miss Hastings, I think it's you, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Manette, "but I didn t expect to see you here."

I don't expect you did; I didn't expect to see you either. What has happened?"

Manette told him the whole story.

"This is a strange business. I wonder what he wants with us? I have nothing that would be of value to him. I wonder why he wants you? Are you frightened, Miss Hastings? Let me come near you. I can manage to crawl along the floor."

"There now, come closer, you will be warmer It is a good thing they didn't have me bound; let me see if I can free you."

After a few minutes, Manette was free from the bonds that held her.

"I wonder what your father is doing without his pretty daughter", said Lord Foster looking down at her face.

Manette blushed.

"By the way," said Lord Foster drawing her closer, "I have just remembered that I have a small praying mat, which is of great value, particularly to a Mahommedan, but I don't think it will be of any use to this villain, do you? and even if it is, he won't dream of looking in the small emerald casket, although it is the only green one in my collection. But I would really like to know why he wants you; perhaps he thinks that you are safer tied up while he does his job, whatever it is. Anyway he couldn't have put anybody better for me in here than you."

"So that's where you keep it, is it," smiled Foran, who had been listening outside the door, "Well it won't be there much longer—I think that my way is clear now. I'll go and seize it."

"Oh, will you?" Foran shot round.

"Where did that voice come from? Goodness! How did you fellows get here?" he gasped, as he found himself face to face with Hastings and his friends, "I suppose you know that you are not allowed down her, unless you have special permission. You fools, you had better clear out before you are caught."

"Well, if you're not going, I am, although I have permission", he lied, as he tried to pass the men.

"Oh! no you don't, my man, I am afraid you will have to stay down here, as we don't know our way about this place. Hold him, Manners", said Hastings with a laugh speaking to one of his companions, "he might get lost! Heavens! The prison. What have you been doing down here man? Tell me at once, what you have done with my daughter and Lord Foster? You brute, come on, out with it and if you don't tell the truth, it will be the worse for you. Who is in there?" and there was a note in his voice, which frightened the criminal.

"Miss Hastings and-and Lord Foster,", stammered Foran, trembling from head to foot.

"Good Lord! Manette, in there she must be frozen" muttered? Hastings with a tone of anxiety in his voice. "Open the door at once, you brute!"

Foran did so, then tried to escape.

"Hold him" shouted Hastings, "you'll suffer for this, you villain."

When the door was opened, Hastings flashed his torch into the room. "Manette, my darling, you must be nearly frozen. Thank God ! I've found you", and Hastings ran up to the huddled heap in the corner.

"Only a little cold, thanks, Father darling ; otherwise, we are all right", said Manette, as she looked up into Lord Fosters face "Aren't we, dear? Father, I want you to meet my future husband".

Hastings was never so astonished in all his life. "Your husband, Manette ? My dear Lord Foster, I shall be delighted to have you as my son-in-law. Congratulations Manette."

For the rest of the voyage, Foran was kept in prison, and Gloria was watched, as she had not taken an active part in the kidnapping. At the trial of Foran, it transpired that he was a Mahommedan and had taken an English name. Sometime ago, he had been Lord Foster's servant in India and had stolen many valuables from him, as well as committed other crimes.

The Government had offered a reward to any man, who captured this criminal, whose real name was Ali Bendhi ; and as Hastings, the detective, had captured him, he was given a reward, and promoted ; and Manette and Lord Foster were married as soon as the voyage ended.

PHYLLIS MEADE.

THE MAGICIAN.

IT is magic when a little mango-tree springs in an instant of time from an earthen pot; and, when the tree quickly grows and puts forth a sweep of leaves and blossoms, the onlooker is raised to the height of wonder.

Who has not heard of the fabled rope-trick of India, that has so often mocked at science? It is easier to call it a lie and an optical illusion, than to explain it or to wring its secret from its jealous holders. It is better to call it magic and to enjoy the sight, than to be bothered with its unsanctioned anatomy. Whatever anyone might say or do, magic, especially Indian magic, will hold its own in the infinite variety of life. Art takes us from ourselves. Magic takes us away to realms of dream and mystery.

India is appropriately endowed with a scattered race of magicians, as if to evidence the wonder and mystery she holds. The Indian magic-man is often a beggar, not knowing the value of his art, but loving it before all things. He will often practise it, to

the wonder of the bystanders, whether they give him *pice* or praise. He will often sit by the roadside, and spread his tricks prodigally, on his old quilt; and, if he is not always able to persuade the passers-by to put their hands into their pockets, he seldom fails to make them stop short and watch him.

May his tribe increase; and so that it may increase the more rapidly, let us hear the story of a great magician.

The sun was blazing in the sky, and the air seemed to be on fire. The magician was holding converse with the Prince, who was the ruler of the land. The latter was hot, and it was not a pleasing thought to him that the sun, in his mid-summer sovereignty of air and sky, should have forgotten that he was also a king and had his sway. "Is there not a breath of cool air, or a bit of shady cloud to shelter us?" he asked, and into the eyes of the magician, who was standing by, flashed a sly intention. Evidently, his mind was at work. But he did not look over-confident. Even a magician cannot reach all of his aspirations. Therefore, he said modestly, "The heat is great, my lord. I have lived fifty years, but cannot remember fifty days like this one. This is a savage day."

"But, it is a long time since we had anything from you. Do show us something now, and it will help us to forget this fierce day, which seems to be no respecter of persons."

The magician did not find what to say for sometime. Timid things came and stuck in his throat. But his auditor was a prince, and something had to be said. "I have a few tricks, but I have shown them all to my king," he submitted at last.

"Then come and tell us when it will rain. I know you are an astrologer also. Will it rain soon?"

"It will rain to-day," said the magician decisively.

"Not to-day, I can tell you," ejaculated the Prince unbelievingly.

"But we are going to have it to-day. Does not rain, your Highness, often come suddenly?" asserted the man respectfully, looking into the eyes of the Raja for approval.

"If this little prophecy of yours comes true, what will we not give you?" remarked the perspiring ruler yearningly.

For sometime in this way the conversation 'shuttlecocked and battledored' between magician and king, between prediction and curiosity. Then it paused for a while.

Presently, there appeared a solitary cloud above the setting sun. The magician requested the Maharaja to look at it, in a voice slightly animated by the beginnings of triumph. He did not say, "Did I not tell you?" yet, but clearly he was going to say that before long. When the sceptical prince looked at the cloud, what

he saw was a cloud that was growing amazingly from instant to instant, so that before he had quite returned from his glance there was present already a general darkness overpowering sun and sky and air. A cold wind set in, as if to quench the flames of heat. Came thunder and lightning, as if all these things had been hitherto hiding and now had come out to render that brave prediction true.

"Magician! magician! Tcha, Tcha, you have given the prophecy at the nick of time," exclaimed the prince,

Hardly had these words been spoken in that company where besides king and conjurer were present other courtiers, before there was a furious rain lashing the palace-roof and courtyard. The prince looked from the magician to the others, unable to utter a word. Meanwhile, it seemed as if a whole monsoon had come to the palace in full panoply, either to pay its royal inhabitant a chaotic loyalty or to sweep him away from his ancient throne; for the rain was now a deluge, a majestic downpour, thunder and lightning and wind and gale presenting arms.

When rain falls like that, a flood soon comes to life. The palace tank became full and the courtyard below became a veritable backwater.

The magicion was standing there, apparently as much amazed as the king and courtiers, and by his looks indicating to them that he had not in good sooth meant his little prediction to come true so famously. But, whether he impressed them like that or not, there was no gainsaying the fact that the water was rising and the rain still pouring threateningly. One almost fancied with a shudder that the seas must have flown to the skies, simply to fall promiscuously on the place and bury it deep in the waters.

Such a shudder had already frozen the gay courtiers, and the Raja himself was visibly becoming paler and paler, while the magician seemed to wonder how he could take back his prediction at once.

Presently, what should come over the waters but a boat, like wonder in wonderland. And where was it coming but to the very balcony where they were, as if to rescue the prince from the fierce siege of the elements. That opportune arc swiftly came alongside.

Seeing it come to him so providentially, the king jumped from his seat and asked the magician to follow him into the boat; but, just as he was going to enter it, the magician interposed himself between him and the boat and said, "what are you going to do my king?" Then the king awoke as from a dream to find the sun blazing still in the azure sky. The prediction had only come true in a magnificent lie. The air was still on fire.

On another occasion before the same prince, the same magician appeared. "Will you give us something really good, really masculine, this time?" asked the prince, and the modest magician bent very low and whispered, "If the Maharaja's humble servant, has the Maharaja's blessing, the Maharaja's servant, though he is now grown weak and old, can yet do a thing or two."

The king sat on a golden couch with his consort by his side, surrounded by members of the royal family and many courtiers. The old man spread his magic quilt in the middle of the courtyard and sat in the centre of it. Everyone was all eyes, and there was seen a thin string coming down from above. It came and stopped just over the head of the ancient juggler; and, when they looked more minutely, it was seen that the thread had not come alone, but had a letter tied to its end. The magician released the letter and the announced that it was written in Sanskrit and that it bore great news. A war had broken out in the heavens between the bad and good angels, and the leader of the good angels had himself written the letter, asking the magician to hasten to the scene and help him! The poor old soul was sadly puzzled, but he said that he must go, come what might, and handing the letter to the prince he began to climb up the thin rope. How that old man climbed up that unknown and fragile support, nobody could tell, but he did do so swiftly, so swiftly that after a moment or two nothing of him was seen.

A silence descended heavily on the distinguished spectators. It was not by any means an ordinary magical performance, this affair of a man being summoned to a battle-field on the other side of the sky, where gods and angels lived. For sometime nothing happened. But presently there was heard the distant sound of guns, the boom of Armageddon beyond the ken of human mind. That was not all. Other evidences came and came nearer. Blood drizzled in the courtyard from the stricken field. Limbs fell, parted violently from warriors. Dead cavaliers, dying steeds, came down in gory heaps. The king had bargained for masculine fun, but this was tremendous reality.

Nor was that all, for the magician's head itself came falling, seen by all eyes. At this, the tender-minded queen fainted. The king quailed. He rose from his high seat, as if he wanted to go nearer and verify whose head it was. In the confusion created by this intention of the king, the magician himself suddenly appeared on the spot, saying "There is no need to fear now. The play is over!" It was. All the wreckage of battle and war had vanished.

One day, this celebrated magic-man went to a local chieftain. They were old friends. Together they spent a couple of days. The hospitality of an old friend was soothing to the old man's soul, and

they talked and talked of early days with lingering affection. "Have you forgotten all your old wonderful art?" inquired the chieftain. "Nearly," said his old friend.

Next day, the two ancient chums went to bathe in the river. The time was summer and it was a shrunken river that flowed by. The magician incidentally asked if there were crocodiles in it, and the chieftain laughed and said, "Crocodiles indeed, in this famine-stricken stream!"

Seated on the edge of that starving river, the two chattered and chattered, as old men, who are also old friends, only know how, intending to bathe, but never actually beginning. Suddenly, there was seen the snout of a crocodile just under their noses. The chieftain jumped and ran away. Before the magician could do likewise, the wicked water-animal had felled him with a blow of its saw-like tail and swam away with the ill-fated victim in its jaws! The terrible screams of the dying magician rose above the stagnant stream, echoing the tragic refrain that his beloved friend had unknowingly told him that there were no crocodiles at all in the treacherous waters. The agony did not last long, for man and animal vanished under the stream, before the chieftain had time to put aside his fright.

Easier far to imagine the plight of that man than to tell it, to whom this impossible calamity had come with the most intimate and unspeakable distress of heart. The entire village came and stood on the river-brink, and a good portion of it also plunged into the famished waters. They explored every hole and swept the bed for two miles in either way. The chieftain, witness to these vain labours, tore his snowy hair, and cursed and cursed his fate to relieve his riven heart, but alas, in vain. At last, he went to the temple to place his anguish on the altar of his god.

That god, the deity of his house, was not, however, sitting in the temple for nothing, for, if you will believe it, there was the same magician, who had been swallowed by the crocodile, sitting there saying his noonday prayers with all the fervour of a pious old heart.

"This was too much, my terrible friend," was all the remark of the good old chieftain............

The times in which this magician lived were, indeed, the palmy days of Indian magic. To-day, science eats magic and magic is getting less and less. Still, even in these days there are very many Indian magicians, who can insult science, if they wish............

And as long as they live India will continue to possess a dreamy, evanescent felicity, denied to most other parts of the world.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

OUR POETRY PAGE.

1. DAWN IN THE NILGIRIS.

Trees that are dark green spear-points pierce the mist
Upsurging to our feet, and from them rises,
Cool as the breath of caverns, heart-challenging,
Earth's wild aroma, strong as fostered wine,
Traversing root and stem, and welling forth
On waves of morning rapture. The dark forest
Echoes of secret life, sharp jungle-cries
And gusts of song, that waken in the spirit
Long unremembered venturings of youth's
Pure imagery. Clouds part, and far below
Lie scorching leagues of plain and curving courses
Of streams that flow, where goat-hards and their flocks
Daylong haunt the shade. So our eyes wander,
Richly companioned, through the vaster regions
About our windy throne ; and suddenly
We are aware of one yet rarer joy
Moving beside us, a proud English foxglove,
Prince of the homeland fields, with clustered bells
Waving in pale aloofness on the verge
Of music, far above those mountain deeps.
Swiftly our thoughts run through the squandered years
Back to the dreams of childhood, northward far
Beyond the sun's high tyranny, to where
We made these rosy chalices our sport
In full contentment, and the day brought signs
Of no less wonder than the cryptic words
That led our hearts to this awakening
Shared with the Indian splendour.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

2. SONG TO JUNE IN ENGLAND

June !
  How sweet is June......
Just now, in yonder lane,
  Where I was meandering,
Lost in the glory
  Of God's great wonders,
June, dressed in glad array,
  June, gaily singing,
Met me, and touched my cheek
  With her lips gently,
Glanced with her dewy eyes

Dawn on the Nilgiris.

A cloud-effect on the Nilgiris.

PHOTOS BY :—MAJOR A. S COWDELL, V. D.

Shining with laughter,
Spread out her rosy arms
Laden with Summer blooms;
Waved them toward the trees
And o'er the verdant fields,
At once the flow'rets bloomed,
Foxglove and dog-rose,
Whilst the wide grassy fields
Shone in green glory.
Slowly June went her way
Radiant and charming,
Waking the sleeping flowers,
Scenting the clover fields.
When she goes back to God
Laiden with flowering buds,
I pray that He will hear
Thanks from my fervent lips;
For, in my grateful heart,
June dwells for ever,
Lighting my darkest hours,
Healing my pain!

LELAND J. BERRY.

3. THE POETRY OF A SUMMER'S EVENING.

Evening shades are falling
On the dewy earth,
And the song-birds, calling,
Pipe their merry mirth.

Thro' the woodlands stalking,
Spectral shadows go—
Hear the tall trees talking
To the brook below:

Which, to hollow music,
Lisps its tongueless tale,
Wordlessly didactic,
Murmuring down the vale.

Breathed in lovers' whispers,
With impassioned power,
Scent-winged, zealous zephyrs,
Woo each trembling flower.

Live with livid lustre,
Round the fiery sun,
Leaping light-beams muster,
Crying, "Day is done!

Spirit-pulsed immortals,
 Take their sightless way,
Thro' the shining portals
 Of the golden day.

In yon deep dell buried,
 Sleeps the day's last beam,
Night, all mystic, hurried,
 Falleth like a dream.

Nature, here I'll wander—
 In these groves apart,
Learning still the wonder
 Of thy magic art!

HERBERT PORTER.

4. UNDYING

(TO M. D.)

Tho' this my body dies,
The stars at night will rise
And take their place
Upon the ancient skies.

New moons will wax and wane,
And flowers will bloom for men,
Who sleep awhile, and wake,—
And sleep again.

And O, somewhere among
Past haunts, there may be sung
The songs we made
When you and I were young.

E. H. D'ALWIS.

IN MAN'S REALM.

N. B. At the outset, I think it is necessary to point out that the writer of this article has mistaken Mr. Rao's words, which he quotes here. I am sure, Mr. Rao did not mean that a man or woman, should, after marriage, seek for other mates to suit them. That any one should wish for such a thing is absurd and horrible. No wonder that "our old fashioned man" hates it. But, he is mistaken. Mr. Rao, I think, meant that divorce must be thought about only when choice of mates, at the very first, is possible for the young man or womna. Why should they, for instance, think of divorce from

each other, when the marriage has been arranged ? What was done without their consent at first, can well go on, unless of course conditions become unbearable. But, if the husband and wife have chosen each other, then it *may* be possible for them to think of divorce, if they have been disappointed in each other. But, even then, divorce is not a thing to be lightly thought of, or practised, as our 'old-fashioned man" says. As far as possible, marriage should be considered an unavoidable step.

Therefore, many of the criticisms of our writer will be meaningless. However, so true are some of his remarks about divorce, especially in our India of ancient tradition, that I have published his article.—EDITOR, *I. L. M.*

Is divorce ever justifiable ?

I have been impelled to attempt this article by the following remark on page 429 in the April number of the Magazine. "The need for divorce will arise, when it is possible first for a young man to meet another young woman in a perfectly natural way." Mr. Rao apparently means "a young woman other than his wife." I would rather that the purdah system be strictly enforced than that men and women should meet freely with such objects in view. A husband and wife see each other at their worst ; it will be very unfair to the wife for a husband to meet other women with the idea, even in the most remote part of his mind, that that woman will make a better wife for him ! He sees her at her best ; he has won his wife and in many cases the glamour of a fresh conquest will be an attraction. The same conditions apply to the wife when she meets other men. Even if we allow for all the handicaps a wife or husband will be burdened with, if they have to compete with others for their mates, and after making such allowance concede that the other woman or man would have made a better partner, this is no ground for divorce. We might just as well abolish marriages and have test alliances. Of course, every young girl and young man takes a risk, when she or he marries. The main risk is whether the partner is sufficiently attached and strong enough to be faithful, or whether he or she views marriage sufficiently seriously ; they also take risks about each other's characters. The ardent lover, ready to do anything to please his or her sweet-heart, might become a domestic tyrant or a nagging wife. It is also possible that there is such a hopeless difference of tastes, that they tire of each other. This, however, is very unlikely in the case of those capable of deep affection. Intense selfishness, combined with a superficial education in the case of one or both, is generally the cause of a husband and wife getting tired of each other's company. The selfishness prevents any real affection developing, which nor

mally stands a very good chance in married life. The superficial education does the rest.

In all the above cases, I have not considered the intrusion of a third party. I think that the seeking of divorce, because of the desire to possess someone else, is reprehensible. It should be a penal offence. A woman should consider that she loses her chastity, if she thinks of any other man as a possible husband. While I do not oppose widow-remarriage, monogamy should be the general rule. An Indian lady said at the Conference that monogamy for women was a great virtue of Indian womanhood, and that it helped them to maintain chastity and to be devoted to one husdand, throughout life. I would merely hold that exactly the same virtue should be practised by men. A widow may marry again for economic means for the sake of her children. No such considerations can apply in the case of a widower.

Napoleon divorced his wife when he attained fame. A man may attain success with the help of his wife and then kick the ladder. So might a woman attain social rank and prove unfaithful. Napoleon, of course, was unable to forget his first wife. She ruled his heart. The very idea of divorce seems so horrible to me, that I am unable to pursue the argument.

What chances are there that, if a woman or man makes a failure of her or his marriage, she or he will succeed a second time? If the partner was to blame, is she not likely to make exactly the same mistake again? Besides, generally, the question of divorce does not arise till a few years after marriage, and then there are children. The interests of the children should be supreme. If the wife still cannot agree to live with the husband amicably, they can live apart; it may be that they have failed to rouse any intense love for each other, but neither the woman nor the man have any right to seek it elsewhere, especially when there are children.

There remains the case of those immoral or weak-minded people, who are chronically unfaithful, or are unable to resist occasional lapses. They may possibly be wedded to sensitive persons, and their conduct might jar very heavily indeed on their wives or husbands, as the case may be. These persons should be deprived of the right they might think that marriage gives them over their partners; but it seems to me that judicious separation will achieve this purpose. The innocent party may say, "Am I to find no happiness in this life, because I committed, or my parent committed, an error of judgment? I could have loved my husband if he had remained true." There are so many methods of finding happiness other than marriage. It is true that, in the case of women, a good house, a decent husband and children are necessary generally for her contentment, but now-a-days even women can find other pursuits to occupy them.

I am not surprised that some women objected to having the right to divorce. Pride might compel them to surrender their husbands to other women by divorcing them; and whether pride is proper or not raises a different question altogether. The wedding day is a day of triumph to the bride; she has captured the man she wants; it is true that the man feels exalted, either that the woman he loves is about to become his wife, or that he has secured a wife; but still he is entering on a life of bondage. The more he loves his bride, the greater his slavery; that is, he will have to work harder for his wife and children. It is the woman who attracts and captures her victim. Women, who make themselves unattractive or unresponsive and expect men still to want them, are utter fools. A man does not care for his illegitimate children, except where he cares for their mother; he may be fair to them. The love for his children in man generally arises from the love for his wife (it can of course survive the loss of the latter). Woman, on the other hand, instinctively desires children, and mother-love needs no description from me. Therefore, a woman, in divorcing her husband, is acknowledging her defeat; she is admitting to the world that some other woman has stolen her husband.

The ladies at the conference wanted equal sex morality. It cannot be that they suggested that women should adopt the standards some persons tolerate in men. If they want men to be equally moral, is divorce the best method to secure it? Is it desirable that anyone should be faithful out of fear? Are men likely to be afraid of divorce, if they want another woman? No; rather they will welcome it, and the other woman will far more readily try to steal the husband, if she knows that divorce is possible.

It is true, that, at the very least, marriage is a legal contract. Even from this point of view neither party should dream of saying to himself or herself, "I could have made a better contract," on meeting someone else. It is not done in business; but, if one party does commit breaches of contract, is it always advisable to release that party altogether from the obligations imposed by the contract? Yet a sense of pride well lead women to do this, if divorce is allowed.

After all, a period of engagement can precede the marriage, though it is hardly necessary. This is comparatively a minor contract. During this period, the parties should attempt to learn to like each other; it should be a period of preparation for marriage. Neither should consider that the other is on probation, or consider the possibilities of marrying anyone else. If, in spite of this, they find that they do not care for each other, the engagement may be broken off, especially when the woman, who always stands to gain most by the marriage, wishes it. Even in the case of engagements, calculation must be a last resort. Those, who are afraid of marriage, because they are very conscious of the sensitiveness of

their own temperament, can always have a period of engagement to precede the marriage; but I would emphasise that this should not be treated as a period of probation for either side (except as a test of the man by the woman).

The love, that should develop between husband and wife, should be greater than, or should approximate to, the love between a son and mother, or a father and daughter, or a brother and sister. The mere possibility of divorce may prevent such love developing. We do not select our fathers, or mothers, or brothers, or sisters. Once we are married, there must be no further selection of husbands or wives. Only in a very few cases is there a sufficient deep affection between engaged couples, as to exceed the affection caused by naturalties; no doubt they think so very often; there is no harm in that. Therefore, the harm done by allowing the possibility of breaking engagements is much less than the danger of letting husband or wife feel that marriage is a test alliance.

We live with our fathers, or sisters, because we are compelled by circumstances; almost inevitably we love them; at least this type of affection will develop between husband and wife, if they feel that marriage binds them to one another. Whether any other love develops, depends generally on the husband. Once we allow the possibility of discarding the husband or wife especially for another, one of the ties that creates the natural ties of affection ceases to exist.

Man or woman is ruled by reason, self-interest, sense of right, etc, as much as by impulse. Our impulses will soon be contracted, if they are allowed to damage us.

Marriage becomes a meaningless tie, if other husbands or wives can be sought subsequently. The woman's economic position can be secured by a business contract. In my opinion, marriage should be an irrevocable step. Where either party is positively unhappy, a judicial separation ought to suffice.

I would give one bit of advice to a young married woman: if you remain devoted and true to your husband and think of your duties rather than your rights, he will be so happy in his bondage that he will not want another mistress, and he will do anything for you.

"AN OLD-FASHIONED MAN."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

1 MORAL TALES

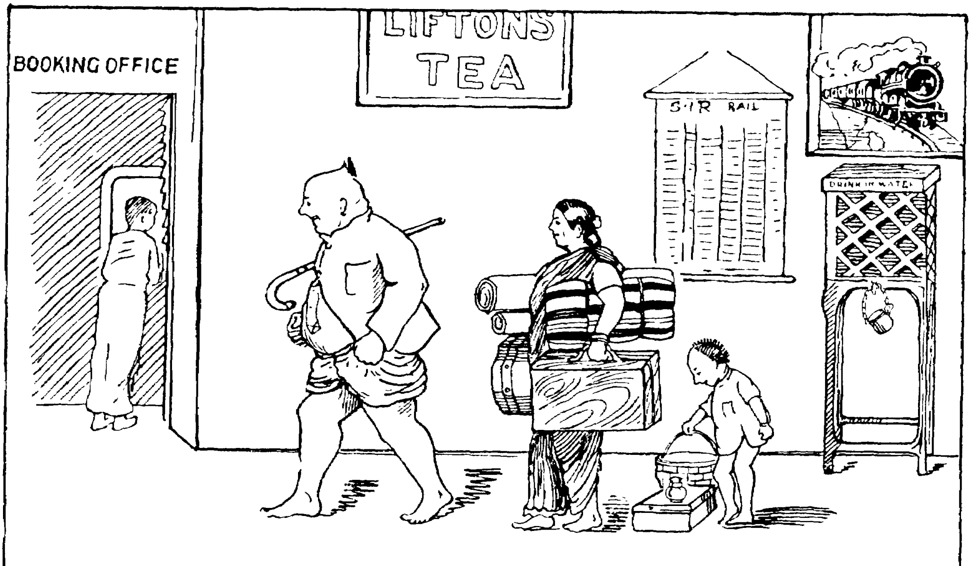
(*a*) THE ARTIST AND THE PESSIMIST.

AN artist of great genius, laboured incessantly at a large canvas which covered the whole of one wall of his studio. He had

MISS MRINAL DAS GUPTA
who took a first class in Sanskrit and Bengali at the M. A., degree of the Dacca University.

Photo by- R Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

OUR SKETCH.



THERE IS STILL LOTS OF CHIVALRY LEFT IN MAN.
FOR INSTANCE ⟶

DRUMSTICUS

spent years upon this one canvas, for it mirrored the great dream of his life. As he worked with infinite pains upon some detail in the great picture, suddenly a pessimist appeared by his side. "Why do you wrestle with such great hardships of life?" he demanded of the artist. "Is all this struggle against Fate and Poverty worth while? Who will buy your picture when you have finished it—if ever you live to see the work accomplished—for you may die of starvation? Think of all the other artists, poets and musicians, who obtained no reward for their work, and then, immediately they died. Dealers and publishers made fortunes out of them! Don't you think you are a silly fellow?" "Well," replied the artist, "Let the World treat its benefactors as it will, but if all genius had taken your view of life, there would have been no Archimedes—no Shakespeare— no Dore—no Bach—no Newton—no Einstein!"

Moral: True Art, like, Virtue, is its own reward.

(*b*) MICHELANGELO AND THE BLEMISHED MARBLE.

One day, some people were laboriously dragging a block of marble through the streets of Athens. It chanced that Michelangelo passed that way, and, seeing the men, asked, "Whither do you take the marble?" "To the scrap heap," came the prompt reply. "It is blemished, and the master has cast it forth as worthless." "Take it, at once, to my Studio,' said Michelangelo, "for I see in it an angel!"

Moral: Cast not out the stained soul, as worthless. In the hands of a true Master, it may be converted to angelic beauty.

HERBERT PORTER.

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Dear Children,

I expect most of you are being taught music in one form or another, either Western or Indian. Your parents are probably very anxious that you should some day be good musicians, and they, therefore, try to secure the best music teachers for you. Yes, often, very high fees are paid every month to your music instructors; and, if you happen to be one of those who are not keen on music, as you grow older, you will suddenly find, with a shock, that you have been learning for some years, and have nothing to show for it. You will discover all at once, that you have wasted time and money, just because you have not taken music seriously, and have been a disappointment to your parents.

Therefore, children, I beg of you to take advantage of the opportunities given to you in music, from the very beginning. Leaving alone the fact that you will please your parents a great

deal if you turn out to be good musicians, you must realise that music is an art which, under all circumstances, ought to be cultivated. What does Shakespeare say ?—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;
The motives of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus."

Many of you, especially those of you who learn English music, are under a false impression that you have done your duty if you pass the necessary examinations, and therefore, six months or a year before the examination, you practise hard, and slog at your pieces, with a certain bitter feeling in your mind that here is an unpleasant item of your life which you must get over ; and then, you appear for the examination and automatically play the set pieces before the examiner, and as soon as you come out of your ordeal you heave a sigh of relief and forget all you have learnt. Thus, it very often happens, that when a visitor asks you to play something you say :

"I don't know anything," and when the visitor raises her eyebrows and continues, "But you have passed examinations," you can only put down your head and say, "Yes, but I have forgotten all my pieces, and I haven't practised for an age."

Dear children, once more, let me beg of you to make the best of your opportunities when you are young. Appear for examinations and pass them ; for examinations are needed to give you the necessary practice ; but do not become automatic and learn music just because you wish to get the credit of having passed examinations. Learn it for its own true worth, and because you love it.

It is the modern tendency, among many of us, to become fond of *Jazz* and *Ragtime*, and depreciate Classical music. Jazz, like a gaudily-dressed woman, outwardly attracts, but inwardly, there is nothing substantial in it, and those of us who are inclined to be small-minded crave for the outer attraction, more than that which gives food for thought and inner expression. Classical music "is that which has won the esteem of all well-informed and well-balanced music-lovers in such a way as to form a standard and a model for others to aim at and copy." Let us therefore, not be frivolous and only care for the noise, and wild rhythm, which Jazz usually gives us ; but let us appreciate the true music which never dies, once it has been given to the world from the inmost soul of the composer.

There is also a tendency, now-a-days, for many of us to depreciate Indian music, once we learn English music. This is a very wrong attitude to take, for Indian music is very beautiful indeed, and those, who do not care for it, ought to be really pitied.

Before closing, I should like to say, that those of you, who are not lucky enough to be taught music, need not therefore have no interest in music ; for, whether you know music yourselves or not, all of you can listen to music, and appreciate it, for it is as great a pleasure to listen to it as to produce it yourselves. It does one good, especially when one is tired and peevish, to hear some really good music, and be lifted into a region, which has nothing to do with the material world in which we exist; for, as Tagore says: "In Art, the person in us is sending its answers to the Supreme Person, who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts,"——and music is one of the greatest arts.

Yours Sincerely,
PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER.

ENLARGEMENT of the lever is a disease of infants between 6 months and 3 years of age, seen only in our country and characterised by fever. The disease is fairly common in the southern districts of Madras and in Bengal. It is more common among the children of the Hindu vegetarians and is extremely rare among Mohamadans. It is proportionately more among the over-fed children of the rich and the middle classes, than among the ill-fed children of the poor. The first child of the parents and the first male child after several female ones seem to suffer more. The greatest susceptibility is between 6 and 24 months and during the re-conception of the mother. Boys are more liable than girls. The disease seems to be unknown among Europeans and Anglo-Indians.

Causes : Many theories have been put forward about the causative factors, such as, alcoholism in parents, congenital syphilis, Malaria, deficiency in vitamines, too much of carbo-hydrate in the food of the nursing mother, irritation of liver by toxins generated from the alimentary system etc; but the most common and widely accepted theory appears to be that it is caused by the derangement of the liver, owing to overwork. Such over-work may result from over-feeding and from unsuitable diet, such as the breast milk of a sickly mother (Dyspeptic for example), or the faulty administration of cow's milk (undiluted), and starchy foods, sweets etc. Indiscriminate use of unmodified and overboiled cow's milk, especially if this milk is rich in quality, the use of adulterated bazaar milk, which may contain buffalo's milk, flour etc, feeding the child with

rice, wheat, biscuits, sweets, etc, even before his teeth have been cut, sedentary habits, and the habit of over-eating in the mother, are all ripe causes. It does not appear to be hereditary.

Symptoms: The disease starts insidiously and makes considerable progress before it is discovered by parents. This probably accounts for late treatment and high mortality. In the early stages, the patient loses his appetite and refuses his food. Later, he becomes morose, rather sleepless and loses his cheerfulness. The skin will be rather warm in the evenings and he likes to lie down on the cool floor. The complexion will change and the urine will be high-coloured.

After a time, the three characteristic signs mentioned below show themselves. It is desirable that every parent should be acquainted with them.

(1) *Fever.* This fever is only slight but is extremely persistent and continues throughout the course of the disease. The thermometer will record about 99° or 100° generally towards the evening. With the progress of the disease, however, the fever gradually becomes higher and may go to 101°. It is low or normal in the morning and the child may be inclined to play at that part of the day, but he is generally irritable and morose.

(2) *Constipation* of a very bad type is invariably present. As the disease progresses, it becomes more pronounced and the bowels do not act unless purgatives are administered. There is always a relationship between the constipation and the temperature,—that is, the fever shoots higher as the constipation becomes more marked and is left unrelieved. The stools are large, lumpy, muddy in appearance and are of varying colours. In later stages, they become whitish with a bad smell.

(3) The third sign is the *Enlargement of the liver.* This is a slow process and takes a long time to assume a large size. When it has become large, the abdomen looks large and the superficial veins on the abdominal wall become prominent and appear as blue stripes. The liver should be examined by a physician in all suspicious cases, in order that a clear diagnosis may be obtained.

Later still, other symptoms manifest themselves, such as jaundice, swelling of legs, feet etc. During the whole course of the disease, the body of the child looks fairly nourished, marked emaciation being rare; but he always looks miserable. The upper part of the abdomen will be large and the skin thin.

Diagnosis: The three cardinal signs mentioned above will always clinch the diagnosis; but the following points should serve to put us on the guard at the earliest stage of the disease :—

i. Age of the child 6—24 months.
ii. The unsidious onset of the illness in a vague manner and its persistent nature.

iii. History of enlargement of the liver in other children of the family.
iv. Low type of fever for which no cause can be found.
v. Offensive stools.
vi. Persistent constipation.

Prognosis · The disease runs a chronic source, lasting from 3 to 18 months. But it may vary in duration, sometimes lasting a month only, and at other times for 2 years. The mortality is very high, being over 63 per cent. Difficulty in treatment lies in this fact that it is invariably commenced late, most cases being indifferently handled during the early stages. Strong and continuous purgatives give some relief to the symptoms for the time, and parents taking this as a sign of cure fall into the error of neglect Expert treatment should be obtained and continued, until the child is pronounced free from danger by a competent physician. The following may be taken as bad signs :—

i. A temperature over 103°
ii. The appearance and deepening of jaundice.
iii. Swelling of feet, legs, or all over the body.
iv. Appearance of ascities, or collection of fluid in the abdominal cavity.
v Sudden reduction in the size of the enlarged liver.

Treatment :— The child should, if possible, be taken to a more elevated and drier place or to the sea-side and should be kept in fresh air as much as possible, and must be taken out in a perambulator at least two hours per day when the weather is mild and when there is no rain and not too much of wind. Clothing should be light and loose. A daily bath in sea water at a temperature of 99° F is recommended, when fever is not over 100° If sea water is not available, common salt, (about half an ounce to a small bucket of water) can be added and used as substitute. The principles of treatment would be to stop all further overwork and irritation of the liver and to assist the liver in its regenerative process, so that the most important part of the treatment will be dietetic. Therefore, as soon as an enlargement of the liver is detected, or even suspected, an investigation into the diet should be made. In the case of breast-fed babies, the milk should be subjected to chemical analysis, with a view to finding out what is wrong with it. It should be then improved in quality by the appropriate methods, depending upon the result of the analysis. The mother should generally take less of starchy food and more of protein food, such as fish, milk, meat, wheat, etc. She should avoid hot curries, and highly seasoned dishes of all kinds, uncooked vegetables, jackfruit and strong tea and coffee. If the quantity of the breast milk is deficient, it should be increased by improving the general health of the mother and giving such foods as extract of malt,

plain, milk, extracts of fish, lactagol etc. For the reason that the quantity of breast milk is inadequate, one should not give sago, barley, flour, bread, biscuits, arrowroot and such other things to supplement the diet. Such foods can be given only after the cutting of the teeth.

If the mother is not able to nurse the child, or if the mother's milk is found to be unsuitable, a wet nurse is the best substitute. If this is not possible, we have to resort to hand-feeding, in which case a proper selection of a suitable food is essential. Any of the following may be chosen. i. Modified or *Peptonised Cow's Milk*; ii. Goat's milk, a little diluted; iii. Ass's milk; iv. Glaxo. Unmodified cow's milk, condensed milk, buffalo's milk, patent foods, fragments of food or eatables prepared for adults, tea, coffee, alcohol etc. should be avoided altogether. Fresh fruit juice, say, lemon, orange, pomegranate etc, half an ounce diluted with water, *extracts of fish* etc. are advised, in addition to the usual diet. If there is objection to extract of fish, extract of dal or extract of oats (Cholam or Zonna) can be substituted.

Medicinal treatment consists in the regular administration of purgatives and the use of *kalmegh*. Purgatives are in recommended in proper doses. An occasional dose of calomel is allowed.

Kalmegh is a common plant known as Andrographis Paniculata. In English, it is called Chiretta, in Telugu, Nilavemu, in Tamil Nilavembu, and in Malayalam Nilavepu. It is a common household drug used in many houses in South India. But, for the drug to be useful in this disease, it should be used in a fresh state, the expressed juice of the fresh leaves and stalks should be used in doses of 5 to 20 drops according to age, diluted with water. Another useful drug is the better gourd, Pavakka in Tamil and Kakkara in Telugu, the juice of the leaves in teaspoon doses twice or thrice a day. The chief draw-back of these drugs is their bitter taste. A preparation called the liquor kalmegh compound is put up for sale by the Indian Medical Laboratory, Calcutta, and it can be used with great benefit. Kalmegh appears to have a regenerative action on the liver, relieves constipation and controls fever.

Foot Notes.—Peptonised milk. Cow's milk used should be modified before being peptonised. Add to 1 pint of such milk 5 grains of pancreatic extract and 15 grains of sodium bicarbonate (both available at any chemist's). Allow this to stand at a temperature of 105 to 115 for 5 to 20 minutes, bring to boil and use it after cooling.

2. Fish extract. Any wholesome fish, preferably in a living condition, is brought home, killed, washed, and cut into small slices : it is then kept in water in a vessel until the water be-

comes red with blood It is then cooked with suitable condiments, is strained, and the extract given separately or mixed with food.

Preventive. If enlargement of the lever runs in the family and if any child of the family has suffered from it, a radical change in the diet must be adopted ; that is, if a child had developed the disease on breast mi k of the mother, the subsequent children should not be put on the same breast milk. Some other diet must be selected. On the other hand, if a child has developed the disease on artificial feeding, the subsequent children should be placed on breast milk of the mother or the wet nurse.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTION.

Supposing you lived in a desert island, would you take as much trouble over your dress as you do now?" asked a girl of me one day.

"I wouldn't take the trouble to dress prettily," said I, "but I think I would certainly be clean, and as tidy as possible "

"Well," answered the girl, "I think I would take as much trouble about wearing pretty clothes, as about being clean and tidy, because I don't really dress to attract other people, but to please myself."

A truly comendable spirit, I thought ; but how few of us possess it. Nay, so very opposite are we to this love of beauty for beauty's sake, that many of us, the moment we come from a party, take away our pretty saris, and put on more homely ones. This always strikes me as being very superficial in our tastes. Must we only dress well that others may admire us? Can we not flaunt our pretty plumes to those at home, and to ourselves? I think, however, I am being rather unjust in this remark, for, many of our ladies change their good saris when they come home, not just because they wish to dress prettily only in company, but also because they wish to be more comfortable. Here again, however, I have struck another point which can be criticised. Why should we make ourselves feel uncomfortable when we dress prettily? We should wear good clothes and be as comfortable in them as in plainer ones, just because it ou-ht to come naturally to us to dress prettily ; otherwise, we become rather like the new rich, who, not being able to carry off the wealth which has come to them so suddenly, go too far, and become too gaudily gorgeous, in their anxiety to imitate those who really belong to the higher classes. Yes, when we dress prettily, we should not be just "rigged out" for the occasion, but we should be comfortable and happy in

our clothes and we should not long, all the time, to take away our tight shoes, or remove our heavy saris, or throw aside our cumbersome jewels. Simplicity and comfort are the best assets to pretty dress.

While we are on this object, I may as well mention here, that many of us have the bad habit of dressing untidly at home, and, incidentally, not being ready to receive visitors when they come. There is nothing more annoying to the visitor than to see his hostess peep out of a window at his arrival, and then rush inside and after about half an hour, during which time she has been making herself presentable, come out and smile sweetly at the visitor. Why not be dressed in such a way at home that we need not be ashamed of receiving any one at any time of the day? Why pretend to the world that we dress prettily, and then, be an effigy of untidiness to the others in our own household?

The housewife can dress in a simple cotton sari, clean and freshly ironed, and a plain comfortable wel-cut blouse, and neat slippers, Also, she must see that her hair is always done tidily. Can she not receive even a prince in this homely dress? What need she be ashamed of ?

I have heard people say that there are women, who actually live in a kimona or a dressing-gown all day long, and some of them even receive visitors in this dress. Surely, there must be something lacking in the sense of decency among these women, or, is it extreme modernism?

SISTER SUSIE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

I was asked to spend the day once with a Hindu lady, and when it was time for lunch, I was led to a clean table with a white table-cloth spread on it, and beautiful large, flat silver plates set for each of us. I could not help admiring the plates, in all their rich simplicity, and somehow, the food I ate that day, seemed to taste better than usual, because of the way in which it was served.

I wonder why so few of our ladies follow this example of using silver plates. I do not commend their use for English dishes ; but, when it comes to eating rice, served with an innumerable variety of curries, how huch more comfortable it will be to have large silver plates, than ordinary ones. Sometimes, it is rather a good idea to serve the rice in the silver plate, and have tiny silver bowls placed in a semicircle round the plate, in each of which a different kind of curry is served. Sitting on the floor, in the true Hindu style, either on clean mats, or little wooden

stools, and partaking of an absolutely Indian meal, is really delightful, and it is a pity this habit is becoming more and more scarce in India.

Somehow, I think one appreciates food more, when it is served in the way it ought to be served. What I mean is, that a purely English dinner should be served in the *pukka* English style, and an Indian meal in the Indian way.

PADDY.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE PAGE.

QUERY.

Is the mother-in-law justified in living in her son-in-law's house after her daughter's marriage?

ANSWER

The only possible reply to this query is an emphatic negative; but every rule has its exception and in a few cases the mother-in-law will be a very welcome addition to the household.

It must be remembered that the mother has quite rightly guided and controlled the daughter up to the date of marriage and quite probably helped her to choose her husband, and in India it is possible that the daughter knows next to nothing about her husband. In all countries, the daughter knows and understands her mother better than she possibly can know her husband at the time of marriage. The mother-in-law will naturally control the house and be its mistress, This is bad enough in itself; the son-in-law then becomes a mere guest; the more efficient the mother-in-law, the more likely is he to be left outside the general scheme of the household. Therefore, the young wife should learn to become sole mistress of her house and to rely on her husband; no other woman except a paid companion should divest her of any of her duties. Sometimes, the very best of husbands and wives might have small quarrels. If there is a mother-in-law in the house, it is quite likely that the daughter may discuss the point with her. If the mother sides with her husband, the girl argues against her and perhaps begins to believe her own arguments. If her mother sympathises with her, she feels more aggrieved with her husband. If the mother-in-law quarrels with her son-in-law, she might in her anger quite easily feel that he is not a fit husband to leave her dau-daughter with, and she might try to remove the daughter; and the daughter, freed from the control her mother had exercised quite properly till her marriage, might obey; or the daughter might pine for her mother after the latter leaves, and this might lead to breaches with the husband.

The young woman, who expects her husband to like her mother, is a fool, or is very childish. In the ordinary course of nature, there is likely to be an invisible antagonism between her mother and her husband. The young wife never realises that her husband is now her protector, if her mother continues to live with her. She will take her difficulties and her sorrows to her mother and not to her husband —a man would do better to engage an elderly house-keeper than abandon the freedom of his bachelor days, to live with a mother-in-law. The intimacies of married life allow a husband and wife to study each other and to learn to give and take. How can a young man study two women?

I have found that, when a young woman refuses to return to a decent husband from whom she has been separated, invariably it is due to her mother coming between them. A girl must choose finally between her mother and her husband when she marries. Of course, the dowry system enables a mother-in-law to buy a son-in-law; in this case the husband is well looked-after by both, but is really a necessary evil; this is an abuse of the dowry system, but it enables girls to have children and satisfy their mother-instinct, without leaving their own mothers. And the husband, having sold himself on that condition, can have little reason to complain; this is no real marriage.

I come now to a more genuine exception to the rule propounded by me. A husband, who works, necessarily has to leave his wife to her own resources during the greater part of the day. He will be very much worried when his wife falls ill, and will feel that she is not being looked after properly when he is away. The mother-in-law will than be a sort of unpaid nurse and will be very useful in the house; I know of a recent case, where a newly-married wife sought to please her mother by going against her husband, and was severely scolded by the former in consequence; there are exceptional women of this type; but even this is not enough. It happens sometimes that there is a direct tie of affection between the mother-in-law and son-in-law. He respects and loves the mother-in-law for herself, and not only because her daughter is his wife. This could occur in India quite easily, owing to the frequency of first-cousin marriages. The mother-in-law might be a favourite aunt of the son-in law. He would like to have her with him, in spite of his wife being her daughter, and if it had been possible would gladly have had her in his house, even if he had remained a bachelor. If, in addition to the above, the mother-in-law is a broad-minded lady, there will be no objection to her being with the son-in-law. But even then she must wait till a sufficiently intimate relationship has been established between husband and wife to make her a mere guest in the house. This might take several years, or at best one year; perhaps in

some cases it might be possible within a few months In short, the mother-in-law must never live with the son-in-law, unless he directly wants her for his own satisfaction, and not to please his wife; she must be a broad-minded woman and she must wait, till the husband and wife have built a home together and are able to look upon her as a guest The question then arises whether any lady would care eternally to be a guest even in her son-in-law's house. I see no objection whatsoever to this. If the son-in-law loves her for her own sake, at her age she will be confirming a favour on both him and his wife by lending them the charm of her presence and the benefit of her advice when they are in difficulties.

A BACHELOR.

[I cannot help answering at once the last question propounded in this interesting reply: "The question then arises whether any lady would care to be a guest eternally even in her son-in-law's house " Our "bachelor" sees no objection whatever to the situation; but, by that very complacance of his, he shows that, as a bachelor, he has had very little experience of women. He is talking too much from his own point of view, and his own comfort. He is forgetting the delicate sensibilities of the woman and her sensitiveness. What self-respecting woman, however old she may be, will care to be a guest for ever in a son-in-law's house, even, if the latter loves her for her own sake, and even though she feels she is conferring a favour by her presence If the mother-in-law is broad-minded enough not to intrude unnecessarily into her daughter's house, surely that very broad-mindedness will make her hesitate for ever to be the guest of another; and this, apart from the fact that, when two women, however dear to each other they may be, live together for long, they are bound to disagree and quarrel after a while. The cat in our nature is bound to show its claws. Of course, the same thing will happen in the case of men, I think. I know they congratulate themselves for never being "cattish." But, I wonder. They must be "doggish" then; and dogs also quarrel, though one must do the justice to say that there is more of simple-mindedness than of spite, in their squabbles!—EDITOR, *I. L. M.*]

Answer to old query.

How much sleep do children need?

This seems rather a foolish question to answer. We know that children need as much sleep as they can get. But still, suggestions can be made.

The *quality* of the sleep should be considered as well as the

amount. For instance, when children go to bed before sunset in the west, the blinds have to be drawn over windows to prevent disturbance by light. Also, the bed should be placed so that the sleeper faces away from the light. Again, care should be taken that sounds from the house should not disturb, when children go to bed early The bed room can be placed as far away as possible, and the door closed.

The children's beds should be soft and smooth and comfortable, as opposed to the old idea that a child should be able to sleep anywhere. The clothing should be comfortable.

There should be fresh air to give happy sleep; but the room should not be cold A window should be always open, but not necessarily over the sleeper.

It should be remembered that. after any excitement, a child always gets less comfortable sleep. So, after parties, or Cinema shows, or Circus visits, etc , an extra hour or two should be allowed It should also be kept in mind that bed-time stories should not be exciting.

"Early to bed and early to rise" makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," says the proverb; but we can make the maxim go too far. It is no good rising very early, if the child has not gone to bed early. The proper test seems to be whether the child is able to wake up spontaneously and happily in the morning.

There are three reasons, we are told, why children dislike going to bed ; one is that the bed may be uncomfortable ; another, fear of the dark ; another that the going to bed early may be a method of punishment. Such things have to be considered.

The following is a list compiled by three child specialists :— "Dr. L. Emmett Holt, Dr Lewis M. Terman and Dr. Max Sehan agree that the child of six should sleep half of the time, or twelve hours at night. Dr. Holt informs the mother of the six-year-old child that he requires a nap of three quarters of an hour during the day. Between the ages of seven and nine children should spend eleven hours in bed. The need for sleep diminishes gradually, so that nine hours are sufficient for the adolescent of fourteen and over."

"MOTHER CONFSSOR."

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

(TRANSLATED)

1. Sugar Pongal.

Take ½ a measure of uncooked rice, mix it with ¼ measure of green gram and simmer it in a vessel, containing boiling water, and

cover with another vessel. When the rice is almost cooked, 5 palams of ghee, $\frac{1}{8}$ measure of milk, 15 palams of sugar and 3 palams of cocoanut should be added one after the other. After 5 minutes, $\frac{1}{4}$ palams of cardamom powder with 5 palams of cashew-nut should also be added. the latter after being fried in ghee.

2. *Payasam* (milk)

2 measures of milk should be well-boiled in a vessel; 1 palam of rice fried in ghee should be added. When the rice is almost cooked, 18 palams of white sugar should be added. 1 palam of *Badami* (almonds) well roasted in ghee, $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of cardamom powder, $\frac{1}{8}$ palams of *Jathikai* and *Jathipathri* (nutmeg and mace) should also be mixed, one after the other, before the vessel is taken down from the fire.

S.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

A Motor Scarf.

Make a chain of as many stitches as make up the width required.

Into these, work rows of Tunisian stitches, as follows :

Draw out loops with the crochet needle throughout all the chain, till all the stitches have been taken up. Keep all the loops on the needle.

Then, throw thread over, draw through one loop; throw thread again, draw through two loops, and so on till the end.

Repeat till the scarf reaches the length required

If a fringe is wanted, knot bunches of 6 threads of equal length, into every second or third stitch of the first and last rows. Sometimes, the halves of each of these bunches can be joined to the consecutive halves of the next bunch by single knots.

OUR HEALTH NOTES.

(SELECTED)

LAUGHTER

"Laughter gives a holiday both to the virtues and to the vices," writes Mr. Robert Lynd, in the Atlantic Monthly, "and takes the imagination on its travels into a country, in which the only principle is the principle of comic incongruity. Here man can resign himself to the enjoyment of life, as a topsy-turvy wonderland, as strange as any that Alice ever visited, and can see his dullest neighbours as a gallery of caricatures.

"It is a land of happy accidents, of large noses and blown-off hats, where words are mis-spelt and mis-pronounced, where men wear spats on their wrists instead of cuffs, the land of paradoxes and the things that could not happen. Whether it is worth visiting, nobody will ever know for certain till the Day of Judgment.

"The worst thing that can be said against laughter is that, by putting us in a good humour, it enables us to tolerate ourselves. The best thing that can be said for it is that for the same reason it enables us to tolerate each other."

The Indian Social Reformer.

NO MORE TOOTH-ACHE

Mrs. Mellanby, wife of a professor in Sheffield University, has discovered through a careful study of the subject of toothache, that it is not the sugar and sweets we eat that destorv the teeth, but the lack of foods that we do not eat. If we eat an abundance of things, containing Vitamin D, and keep the teeth clean, we may be sure of sound healthv teeth. Vitamin D is to be found in such things as the volk of eggs, fish, fats, including cod liver oil, milk, butter, cheese and animal fats. It is interesting to note that an examination of prehistoric skulls reveals teeth, which were so worn down that the nerve pulps must have been exposed during life, with the result that toothache must have been a constant torture. It is wonderful to think that bad teeth may be avoided by including Vitamin D foods in our diet

The Treasure Chest.

ONIONS KILL GERMS.

A healthv person eats about 800lbs. of food a year, exclusive of fluids. The wav to keep healthy, then, is to know, not what medicine to take, but what food to eat. In the "Cookerv Annual for 1929-30" (The Food and Cookery Publishing Co., 1s. net) there is an interesting list showing the medicinal values of certain foods.

Apples are useful in cases of nervous dyspepsia. They aid digestion, clear the voice, correct the acidity of the stomach, and are valuable in rheumatism, insomnia, and liver troubles. Beet-root helps to keep the heart clean.

Blackberries are said to be excellent as a tonic, while butter-milk, when sweet, builds tissue rapidly; when sour, it destroys intestinal germs. Grapes dilute thick blood and remove obstructions from liver and lungs.

Lemons are good for feverish thirst in sickness, biliousness, low fevers, rheumatism, colds, coughs, liver complaint, and so on.

Mulberries are excellent for sore mouth and throat, and onions, boiled or stewed, are germ destroyers.

Dripping is as valuable as butter and water melons are good for epilepsy and for yellow fever.

Health.

TOOTH BRUSH PERIL.

The bristle tooth brush now stands condemned by Dental Science, as being the fertile cause of pyorrhoea. According to Dr. Alfred J. Asgis, Sc. B., M.A., D.D S., the gums are usually neglected and need proper nourishment. The modern slop food does not exercise the teeth, gums and bone. The use of the teeth promotes circulation in the tissues between them and the bone, and feeds the gums, while the bristle tooth brush pricks and damages the gums.

Another prominent dental doctor has reported that in South Africa, Greenland and Ireland, the use of the tooth brush has been found to be mainly responsible for the great prevalence of pyorrhoea, the secret foe of man, which poisons the system and brings on diseases, such as pneumonia, tuberculosis, bloodlessness, indigestion and bronchial and throat troubles.

The tooth brush must be discarded, and gums massaged with the fingers, and teeth cleaned twice daily and periodical examination by a dentist should be sought, as it is a very important preventive measure.

Health.

NEWS AND NOTES

WOMEN'S INDIAN ASSOCIATION

Mrs. Cousins writes: The British Branch of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom informs the Women's Indian Association that at their Executive meeting on May 14 in London they passed the following resolution: "This Executive Committee urges His Majesty's Government to make a definite announcement that the object of the Round Table Conference is to formulate a scheme for full responsible Government for India."

Mrs. Sen, acting as the representative of the Women's Indian Association, has had an interview with Mr. Wedgwood Benn in which she placed before him the view of the Association that the Round Table Conference will be non representative, unless an announcement is made immediately that its object will be to formulate a constitution for India as a self-governing country and unless a political amnesty has been granted.

Miss Picton Tuberville, one of the Labour women members of Parliament invited the other women M. P.'s to meet Mrs. Sen in a Committee room of the House of Commons on June 19, to hear her speak on the Indian Women's Association The views of women in India were also expressed by her at an At Home given by the British Section of the Women's International League, in honour of Indian women residents of England. This League is most anxious to extend its help to the Indian Cause of self-government and has published an article in its news sheet on "What Indian women are looking for from British women at this juncture." The Women's Indian Association has been affiliated with the Women's International League for the past five years.

The Madras Mail.

PROTEST AGAINST REPRESSION

Miss Dickinson, British social worker in Bombay and nominated member of the Bombay Council, has resigned her seat as a protest against the Government's present policy.

Miss Dickinson is an active paid member of the Bombay Vigilance Association and was awarded in the recent Birthday Honours, the Kaisar-i-Hind medal as an appreciation of her valuable services in the social world. She now declines to accept the Birthday honour.

In her letter of resignation, she is reported to have said that she was very much pained at the un-Christian repressive policy of the Government, and the Viceroy's hint to the Muslims that his Government would very shortly revoke first rate social legislation like the Sarda Act had caused her much disgust. She accused the Government of pursuing the "divide and rule" policy, well illustrated in Lord Irwin's willingness to withdraw beneficial social legislation to satisfy the Muslims.

I am also informed that Miss Dickinson has resigned her membership of the Vigilance Association, so that her attitude might not be misunderstood by the members of the Association.

It will be remembered Miss Dickinson was nominated during the last Budget session and Sir E. Hotson, Home Member, paid her a warm tribute for her work in assisting to place the Prostitutes' Act on the Statute Book.

MRS. GANDHI IN DELHI.

Delhi, June 21.

Mrs. Kasturibai Gandhi, wife of Mahatma Gandhi, spent a busy day here to-day. In the morning, she visited the Satyagraha Ashram, where she advised the volunteers to be non-violent in

thought, word and deed and carry on the great struggle for the emancipation of India till Swaraj was won.

In the afternoon she addressed a huge public meeting in Queen's Gardens, where ladies predominated. She felt Delhi ladies were wasting a great deal of their time by going about visiting the incoming leaders, instead of taking to the spinning wheel and khaddar. She exhorted the audience to take a more active part in the boycott movement, specially of foreign cloth and liquor. The ladies, she said, should sit at home and devote a fair amount of their time to spinning and weaving and persuading the members of their families, as also their neighbours, to give up foreign cloth and take to khaddar and the spinning wheel. She appealed to them to go about from door to door, persuading people to give up liquor.

PURDAH WOMEN'S PUBLIC ACTIVITY.

Noakhali is a small town in Bengal with a population of 7715 persons, of whom 2,839 are women. It is interesting to note that in this out-of-the-way place, when Mr. Gandhi's arrest became known on the 8th May a large number of purdah women volunteers picketed the gates of the civil and criminal courts The District Magistrate, the District Judge, the Superintendent of Police and other officials stood helpless, the roads being blocked against them by the pickets.

After about three hours, the mob was cleared with the help of constables who, arriving on information, placed a cordon round the volunteers and kept them under detention in the Kutchery compound. The women pickets were removed at about 2 P. M., when the officers entered the court-rooms.

The Modern Review.

PART IN POLITICAL STRUGGLE.

London, June 20.

Speaking at a luncheon given by the British Commonwealth League, Mr. Srinivasa Sastri dealt with the encouraging progress of women's movement in India. He referred in this connection to the part women were taking in the political struggle and dwelt on the significance of the fact that it had attracted a woman with such a record for public service as Mrs Muthulakshmi Reddi. He said that, whatever might be one's views on the merits of the present movement, the country might well be proud of the part women were playing alongside men.

Referring to the outlook for women in India, Mr. Sastri was of opinion that women's struggle for votes in England had saved the women of India from similar suffering, but there were still

many handicaps to be overcome and they would long need the assistance of those more fortunately situated.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence referred to the fact that Mrs Sarojini Naidu was present at last year's luncheon and offered a message of sympathy and hope in the belief that her sacrifice would not be in vain.

Lady Frances Stewart also referred to the imprisonment of Mrs. Naidu and said that few events had given so much cause to ponder over the happenings in India.

A SERIOUS SITUATION AVERTED

RED CROSS CORDON FORMED ROUND CROWD

Thanks to Mrs. Captain Perin Bai, grand-daughter of Dadabhoy Naoroji, the situation eased at 8 p. m. At 7 the situation was serious. The police and the crowd, which was composed of clerks, and passersby, were standing face to face. Mrs. Perin, who has been elected President of the Bombay Congress Committee, after the arrest of Mr. Kapadia, arrived on the scene at 6 p. m. The crowd were not in a mood to allow the police to withdraw. In a minute, Mrs. Perin found a way out of the situation. At her direction, Red Cross volunteers formed a cordon at the junction of the roads near Whiteaway, and placed ambulance cars near the road behind Whiteaway Laidlaw, where the Police were resting, so that their movements could not be seen by the crowd. She entreated the crowd not to break the cordon. In ten minutes' time, the crowd became quiet and were outside the cordon and the Police quietly withdrew. Another lorry of Police, which was in front of the shop was also allowed to pass. Thus ended the long-drawn battle. The Red-Cross cordon was removed after all the Police had left.

Mrs. Perin had the silent co-operation of Superintendent Holmes. There was one regrettable incident. A European passer-by rudely broke the cordon and walked into the road where the police were standing. The crowd resented this stranger's action, but Mrs. Perin managed to calm the crowd. By 8-30 p m. the Whiteway vicinity, which presented an animated appearance from 10 in the morning, was almost deserted.

The Hindu.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA ON CHILD-MARRIAGE

Among three unpublished writings of Swami Vivekananda published by the *Prabuddha Bharata* in its April issue, there is one letter, in which the great religious leader of modern India expresses his strong condemnation of child-marriage. Not all the followers of a great man or reformer are men of equal faith, devo-

tion and strength of character; Swami Vivekananda, it seems, refers to one of these back-sliding disciples and goes on to say:

As for X, I don't care who takes money or not, but I have a strong hatred for child-marriage. I have suffered terribly from it and it is *the great sin* for which our nation has to suffer. As such, I would hate myself if I help such a diabolical custom directly or indirectly. I *must set my foot* to the best of my ability upon this devilish custom of *child-marriage.* No blame will entail on you. You keep at a safe distance, if you are afraid. I am sorry, very sorry, I cannot have any partnership with such doings as *getting husbands for babies.* Lord help me, I never had and never will have. The upshot of the whole thing is—I want bold, daring, adventurous spirits to help me. Else, I will work alone. I have a mission to fulfil. I will work it out alone. I do not care who comes or who goes.

JAPAN'S FIRST WOMAN PROFESSOR AND CONSUL GENERAL.

Dr. Toshi Ko Sekiya is the first woman university professor to be appointed in Japan. She has also been awarded a travelling fellowship to Europe. Mme. Tsurn Shiskawa, the first woman in the Japanese Diplomatic Service, has been appointed a Consul-General.

FIRST ESKIMO TRAINED NURSE

The first Eskimo woman to train as a nurse has travelled from Greenland to study hospital methods in England.

NEGRO WOMAN EDUCATIONIST.

Mrs. Mary Brown Martin, a university-trained negro, with three children, now attending Ohio universities, has been elected to membership of the Cleveland Board of Education, which administers the school system of a city of 1,000,000 people. It is said to be the first time a city has ever elected a negro woman to such a post, although they have served in other cities through appointment. Mrs. Martin is the daughter of slave parents, and her education and training were obtained under great handicaps.

The Treasure Chest.

WOMEN POLICEWOMEN.

Those who in India are engaged in reform work connected with Juvenile Courts and Rescue Homes are feeling kneely the need of Women Probation Officers and Women Policewomen. It will be useful to learn the number of the latter engaged in Europe:--

Great Britain has one hundred and fifty, of whom two have been raised to the rank of Inspectors. They all have the power

to arrest. There are seventy-seven such women in Germany, while Holland and Denmark possess twenty-one and seven respectively. Ireland has six. South Africa disbanded its women police after the war. In Lausanne, there is a policewoman who was trained in the London auxiliary, and who has since published the "Policewoman's Gazette." There are very few who do not admit that a woman official is needed to help in certain cases that come before the Courts. Since these figures were compiled, the number of policewomen in the City of London has been doubled.

Stri Dharma.

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WORKING WOMEN OF INDIA. Photo by Klein & Peyerl, Madras.

HINDU RELIGIOUS SAYINGS.

I recently came across a volume called "Temple Bells", in which have been collected several quotations from Hindu religious literature. It presents some of the features of the Hindu faith in a comprehensive way, making one realise, however, at the same time that "the deepest regions of man's religious experience are not always easy to reach. It requires more than careful study to get at the intimate way, in which ideas influence life, form life. To separate theory from life, philosophy from experience, would be unwise."

All humanity is striving after God in one form or another. As is said in the foreword of the book: "That God created men and gave them their habitations, that they should seek the Lord, if happily they might feel after him and find him, is the plain teaching of St. Paul, and this thought was carried on and developed by the great Fathers of the Church." This being so, it is agreed that we should go to all the religions for inspiration. And, next to Palestine and Greece, there is no country, whose meditations on things unseen have made a deeper impression on the thought of the world than have those of India.' Especially is there present in the religious literature of India a spontaniety, an openness and simplicity of faith, "a loving joyous abandon to God", which creates in all those who come in contact with it "a new emotion of love and trust."

That religion is the supreme fact of life is one of the truths of the world. As the *Bhagavat Gita*, that wonderful religious classic of India, says:

"In Him, seek refuge with thy whole soul, O thou of Bharata's race; by His grace thou shall win supreme peace, the everlasting realm.

Thus, have I set forth to thee deepest of deep knowledge; ponder upon it in its fullness.

Have thy mind on Me, thy devotion toward
Me, thy sacrifice to Me, do homage to Me."

Nanak cries: "Thou art no hing without God. As a bird without wings, an elephant without tusks, a courtesan's fatherless son, thou art nothing without love for thy Lord! A body without eyes, a moonless night, a barren waste without rain, so art thou worthless, without devotion to him! A well without water, a cow without milk, a shrine in darkness, so art thou without him, O my soul!"

"I am like a bird of the sea.
Has that bird any shelter but the ship's mast?
Where else can it find a shore?

H. H. THE RANI OF KALANKAR,
who has contributed largely to the Khadi Fund.

Photo by R. V. Rao, Srirangam.

MRS. D. SAKAMMA,

A rich coffee-planter of Coorg. She is the first lady on the Mysore Legislative Assembly.

Photo by R. V. Rao, Sriranagam

Even so, my Lord, except at Thy sacred feet,
Where shall I find Redemption?"

Thus speaks *Kulasekhara Alvar*; and *Tulsidas* echoes him:

"Round Thy lotus feet, O let my love be wrapt; and it matters naught where my body lie, in city residence, or forest hermitage, in rags of poverty, in robes of wealth.

Teach me but to be faithful unto Thee."

Religion is nothing without the acknowledgment of the greatness of God. There is God in everything; His goodness and power are apparent everywhere; and God is ours, "the finest essence" of everything, the only "Reality" in unreality.

The *Upanishads*, from ages gone by, say

"Not by speech, not by mind,
Not by sight can He be apprehended.
How can He be comprehended,
Otherwise than by one's saying, 'He is'!"

"Not above, not across,
Nor in the middle has one grasped Him.
There is no likeness of Him
Whose name is Great Glory."

And *Tukaram* answers them from later ages:

"While God is all the time in his body, the ill-starred wretch goes wandering idly in search of him.

As the sugar cane is the very source of sugar, so does God show Himself in all creatures.

Butter is concealed in milk, but there are men, who know not how to churn it out.

Tuka says to foolish mankind, how is it you cannot see God in your own bodies?"

But man finds it hard to reach upward to God, held down as he is by the shackles of the world. The burden of sin lies heavy upon him. The following is a lament from *Tayumanavar:*

"Tears from mine eyes flow down in torrents,
But not because love meets my heart,
Lo! all I do is false, is faithless,
I am untrue, I play a part.

I dance with hands held up adoring,
I sing, and ceaseth not the flow
Of tears. I, hypocrite, unceasing
Cry, feelings unfelt feign to show,

'O Brother, Light Divine, O Father,
Behold in me Thy willing slave!'

Thus, in lip-service never lacking,
I danced and words for praises gave."

But God is the only help in this strait :

"Dost Thou behold me perishing?
O haste and come, my God and King!
I die, unless Thou succour bring,
O haste and come, my God and King!
To help me is a trifling thing ;
Yet Thou must haste, mv God and King!
O come (how Nama's clamours ring)
O haste and come, my God and King!"

Pattanittar laments his sins :

"The wrong of ignorance, the wrong of thoughtlessness,
The wrong of not having followed Thee with a melting heart,
The wrong of not having meditated upon Thee,
The wrong of not having prayed and worshipped Thee,
O Supreme Almighty, forgive me of all, all my wrongs!"

In reply to earnest prayer, the great Creater vouchsafes a vision of Himself. The same poet, who lamented his shortcomings, is able to say in gladness ;

"The grace of God came ur to me
And slew delusion's might.
Thereafter I obtained
The longing for high wisdom's holy light ;
Obtaining, I beheld Thy Deity ;
Beholding, gained
The vision of my very soul,
And lo! the moment I attained
To such high knowing, I began to see
All men, all things, as truly they should be,
And saw Thee, in Thy fulness, no part but whole."

Ramakrishna Paramahamsa speaks of the joy of salvation :

"Behold, the bee buzzing and circling round and round near the blown lotus, how it buzzeth and circleth again and again ;

But anon, it goeth inside the flower, and then it settleth down and drinketh of the honey in silence ;

Even so, disciple, man talketh and argueth before he hath found his joy in the Lord, before he hath tasted of faith :

But, when he findeth the nectar at last in the opened lotus of his heart, at once he settleth down to drink it, and babbleth and talketh no more."

Thus, the moral path lies clear in front of man, though he

may find it hard to follow ; earnestnes in life, freedom from greedy desire, humility and modesty, the seeking for union with God. But, the prisoner is bound fast in his own chains ; man is "less than the beast."

As our great poet, Tagore, says :

" 'Prisoner, tell me who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain ?'

'It was I', said the prisoner, 'who forged this chain very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive, leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus, night and day, I worked at the chain, with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip'. "

Man's senses lead him into danger :

"In the man, whose thoughts dwell on the ranges of sense, arises attachment to them ; from attachment is born love ; from love springs wrath.

From wrath is confusion born ; from confusion wandering of memory ; from breaking of memory, wreck of understanding ; from wreck of understanding a man is lost."

But, unceasing exertion leads to freedom :

"If thou wishest to get at a pot of gold buried deep underground, thou must dig for it and labour hard, O disciple.

Yea, thou must sweat and strain every nerve and muscle.

And thou must go on digging, digging, till thy pickaxe striketh the pot."

Conformity to the Nature of God leads to the apprehension of God :

"As oil in sesame seeds, as butter in cream,
As water in river-beds, and as fire in the friction-sticks,
So is the soul apprehended in one's own soul,
If one looks for Him with true austerity."

The spirit must be made strong to fight ; the inner essential qualities of the soul must be sought for.

"The shell of the cocoanut is hard, but the inside is excellent.

In accordance with this, remember that purity inside is what we aim at.

The jack-fruit has a thorny rind, but it is sweet within.

The sugar-cane is hard and black without, but it is well-flavoured within.

Our food owes its flavour to salt.

Tuka says, The value of a thing depends on its inner qualities ; what do faults outside matter" ?

The two best things in life. viz , "To dive deep into the ocean of God's fellowship, and to master the senses", must be joined to the three-fold discipline, which is :

"Reverence to elders and sages, purity, uprightness. chastity, and harmlessness are called the Mortification of the Body.

Speech that gives no pain, true, pleasant and wholesome, likewise practice of Scripture reading, are called the Mortification of speech. Clearness of the mind, pleasantness, silence, suppression of self and clearness of spirit, these are called the Mortification of the Mind."

Then comes the triumph of Truth and the overcoming of Evil. Then follows the practice of prayer to God, for light, for the gift of Himself, for the infinity of the holy Presence, for the granting of God's grace, for the privilege of speech with the Almighty, for the joy of communion with the Father, for freedom of the soul, for strength of spirit, for forgiveness from sin. *Tukaram* cries :

"A beggar at Thy door,
Pleading I stand,
Give me an alms, O God,
Love from Thy loving hand.

Spare me the barren task,
To come and come for nought,
A gift poor Tuka craves,
Unmerited, unbought."

And Keshub Chunder Sen pleads :

"Come, let us be one with Thee.
Here we are —Thy Self and mine own !
Thou in me, and I in Thee, the water in the
vessel, and the vessel in the water !
God is in the home, in the world, in money.

Comes He to plunge India again in the sea
Of communion, of truth and bliss."

What is necessary in intercourse with the unseen God is the speech of Love, like that between mother and Child. *Tirumalar* says:

"The bones may be used as firewood, and the flesh cut up and roasted on fire until it becomes aglow like gold.

Yet, except for those who melt with love and are stirred in the depths of their soul, the Jewel, resplendent like the sun, is impossible of attainment."

T. N. Sanyal warns :

"Do not let it daunt thee, brother,
Sight of love's surging sea.

The look of fury is all a show, there is no death
E'en in being drowned !
Who can take heart, and in love's deep sea
Himself can but once immerse,
Shall never turn back, but in ecstasy
Gather gems and priceless pearls
In utter forgetfulness of world."

Sometimes, God takes long to answer, as the mother may take time to come to her child, chiefly because He is not sought for with a full heart. *Kabir* weeps :

"Why are you not patient, my heart?
He, who ever watches over frail buds
senseless beasts and tiny insects;
He, who cared for you, when you were yet
unborn, my heart,
Shall He forget you now that you are come to birth ?"

Ramakrishna Paramahamsa laments :

"The mother tarrieth away, seeing that the little child disporteth peaceful and content.

And lo, after a while, the baby throweth the glittering sucker away, and crieth.

And the mother cometh anon, leaving all other work aside, and taketh up her fondhing to her breast :

Even so, O disciple, as long as thou
Choosest to remain content with the
Gewgaws of the world, the Mother cometh not unto thee."

But, Divine Love is all-mastering :

"How great is Thy love, O Mother, for Thy children !
The thought of it makes my eyes overflow with
tears of love, O Mother!"

Through it, man gains union with the All-wise :

"Quiet the trees ; quiet the creepers all.
In the sky's tranquil lap burns the silent ray.
In my heart's temple doth the silence fall,
Worshipping Thee, Thou silent, Majestic. Thou
Replenisheth this tranquil heart. O Thou
Eternal, Absolute, with silence fill
Me and with song, in secret, silent, still."

The reign of peace comes to the world :

"O altogether dear is He
And He alone,
For all my burden He will take
To be His own.

So, all the sorrow of the world
Will straightway cease,
And all unending now shall be
The reign of peace."

There is toleration :

"The cry is loud, the cry is long,
The cry of creeds, 'Yea, this is He !'
The cry comes back, the cry as strong,
The cry of creeds, 'Nay this is He !'
The truth indeed all creeds proclaim
That God in very sooth is He
Who evermore remains the same,
Not this, not that, but One is He,
Held in the heart's own holy shrine,
Homed in the soul, the Guest Divine."

All life becomes a song :

"The songs that swell in my breast and fill my soul, from Thee
Their life get. Thou majestic, eternal; Thou great sea
Of life, as a ripple is in the surging billows, such
Am I. With Thy spirit float me; in the transport of Thy touch
Immerse me."

The dew-drop is small, but it can be filled with the sun's light. Tagore says .

"What is there but the sky, O sun, that can hold thine image"—?

" 'I dream of thee, but to serve thee I can never hope,' the dewdrop wept and said, 'I am too small to take thee into me, great Lord, and my life is all tears.'

'I illumine the limitlesss sky, yet I can yield myself up to a tiny drop of dew,' thus the sun said ; 'I shall become but a sparkle of light, and fill you, and your little life will be a laughing orb."

So, as *Bhai Vir Singh* trimphs :

A thousand quivering melodies shake my depths.
"This thought of Him is celestial music.
My soul is now the heaven of song.

A million strings vibrate in me ; every mement new and newer, more and more, the symphonies roll !

I am an unending song in the thought of Him. Deeper than thought, unseen and unknown, in me lives the unending thought of Him."

NALINI.

BRAHMS AND HIS MUSIC

To most of my Indian friends the name of Brahms will be a strange one, and it is my intention to tell you a little about this renowned German composer. When Claude Debussy, a young French musician, newly released from the narrow confinements of the "Grand Prix de Rome" Scholarship, made up his mind to become personally acquainted with as many eminent musicians as possible, he found his most difficult, yet 'greatest,' capture was the great Johann Brahms. Now Brahms, we are told, was both ungracious and 'crusty' toward folk who persistently forced their company upon him. Debussy was aware of this, and fearful of offending the god-like Brahms he enlisted the aid of a lady friend of his, who was the wife of one of the secretaries at the French Embassy at Vienna. To this lady, who was a personal friend of Brahms, Debussy related how he had written to, and called to see, the German musician, all to no avail. The outcome of it was she arranged a luncheon to which she invited both Brahms and the young Frenchman, Claude Debussy. When they were introduced by their hostess, Brahms eyed the ambitious Claude up and down for a few seconds and then growled, "Are you the young Frenchman who wrote to me and called twice at my house." Debussy said he was "Well," said Brahms, "I'll forgive you this time, but don't do it again."

Brahms, in spite of his unfriendly nature, was universally admired, so that, whenever he chanced to visit the house of his friends the Herzonbergs at Leipzig, hosts of musicians and would-be-musicians would bear down upon him from every angle of the compass. Many uncomfortable scenes were the outcome of these impromptu visits from his well-meaning friends, for, if it so happened that the great musician was in a bad temper at the time, nothing more rude or abrupt could be imagined than his attitude toward his unwanted guests.

It is common knowledge that most composers, who have now won their way into a permanent place in the favour of the fickle public, had to undergo a bitter struggle before their works were appreciated and their ambitions realised. But with Brahms it was different; almost at the outset of his career he won instant recognition of his genius. Now, I think you will agree that this was remarkable in the light of his open hostility toward the Press and toward other musicians. It has been said that certain bodies of men belonging to principal orchestras simply refused to play under Brahms' baton. However, in spite of all opposition, Brahms retained his position in the public eye.

Now for a word about the apparently disagreeable side of Brahms' nature. Those, who did not know a great deal about

Brahms, immediately tumbled to the conclusion that he was deliberately ignorant, disagreeable and offensive. This is quite wrong I can assure you. Brahms was incapable of harbouring a vindictive thought against anyone, he simply wished to be left alone, and adopted this abruptness of manner and speech as an effective shield against intruders on his privacy. Inwardly he was most peaceful and gentle. His attitude toward women was much the same, although it is said that he admired a pretty woman if she happened to be a good cook ! Like many other musicians Brahms was fond, almost to greediness, of his food. The love-songs that Brahms wrote are exquisitely dainty. For years they have been sung on the concert platform with notable success, and even to-day with all the opposition of modern advancement they do not seem to abate in the public favour one atom. It is odd that Brahms, whilst displaying no outward favours toward the women-folk around him, should write such beautiful love-songs, and it is quite as odd and unaccountable why Brahms' women friends accepted with such docility the blunt, and often offensive, criticisms that he continually offered.

Lauded on every side as a musical genius, it would not have been very surprising if Brahms had become conceited and vain of his priority over other musicians of that period; but although he knew his worth as a composer it enraged him beyond measure to hear his compositions classed along with those of such great masters as Beethoven or Bach, for at that time music critics, lavish in their garnished praises of Brahms' compositions, were wont to call Brahms' C Minor Symphony the "Tenth Symphony," implying thereby that it equalled or even surpassed the Ninth (and last) Symphony of Ludwig Beethoven. Brahms' love and respect for the old masters was both deep and profound. As an instance of this, let me quote to you a little incident that occurred upon a visit of Brahms to a concert hall where a performance of a Mozart Symphony was taking place. Brahms listened to the music with rapt attention until the orchestra had concluded the slow movement, then he turned to a friend and exclaimed "I'd give every note I have written to have composed that one Andante " This is concrete evidence of his respect for the earlier masters of music.

Brahms was never content merely to borrow, or adapt themes to his own use, his fount of originality was inexhaustible, and his individuality in music writing is so marked that, for the most, his music is instantly recognisable. Quite a number of modern writers and musicians are of the opinion that the great race of musical giants ended with Brahms and Richard Wagner. Of Wagner, I will deal in another article, showing how the ideals and methods of these two notable Germans widely differ, whilst they are both primarily concerned with the vital human emotions.

Brahms learned quite as much from the works of Franz Schubert as he did from Beethoven, but whatever was Schubertian in his writing he enhanced with a greater depth of thought and character than is found in the compositions of Schubert. An instance of his striking originality as against that of Franz Schubert occurs when his E Minor Symphony is compared with Schubert's C Major Symphony.

Countless orchestras have performed, and will continue to perform, those intriguing Ballades, Waltzes and Hungarian Dances of Brahms, but we shall never tire of them, they still hold their first fresh bloom of youth.

Many are the colourful pictures, that have been painted of Brahms. He has been denounced for his abruptness, and aloofness from ordinary human society, but, when we come to know Brahms fully, there is only one name that fits him in every way and that is the 'lovable bear.' If all musical compositions reflect the true personality of their composer, we cannot help but feel that Brahms was all a gentle, warm-hearted, good-living man could be.

LELAND J. BERRY.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE.

TWO SCHOLARLY POTENTATES.

IT is common opinion that a man cannot at the same time be successful both in meditation and in action. But Viscount (then plain Mr. John) Morley, in an address delivered 43 years ago to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, said "I know they say that if you meddle with literature, you are less qualified to take your part in practical affairs. You run a risk of being labelled a dreamer and a theorist. But after all, if you take the very highest form of all practical energy—the governing of the country—all this talk is ludicrously untrue. Some of the best men of business are men who have had the best collegian's equipment and are the most accomplished bookmen".

A literary man, who is also a man of action, is a two-edged weapon. The two most distinguished men of action of ancient and modern times were Julius Caesar and Frederick the Great and yet both of them were eminently literary characters.

Julius Caesar was born in 100 B.C. in Rome. He was a great general and warrior and the verdict of history is that he is not in the least inferior to the greatest and most admired commanders the world ever produced. When he was young, he had the making of a scholar in him. He studied rhetoric at Rhodes, sitting at the feet of a man of great reputation. He had happy talents from nature

for a public speaker and became the second orator in Rome. He might have become the foremost, had he not chosen to obtain pre-eminence in arms. When Cicero, the greatest public speaker of Rome, wrote an encomium on Cato, Caesar wrote a book in reply to Cicero and named it Anti Cato. Therein, Caesar confesses his inferiority to Cicero by observing that the book was more the performance of a military man, who could not bestow all his time on the study of rhetoric.

It is said that when he was the Governor of Spain Caesar took the opportunity of a leisure hour to read the history of Alexander the Great. He was so affected by the history that he sat pensive for a while and at last burst into tears. As his friends wondered what might be the reason, he said that, while at his age Alexander reigned over so many countries, he had no glorious achievement to be proud of.

When Caesar was twenty-eight years of age, he offended Lucius Sulla who was then the master of Rome. Sulla saw in Caesar the prospect of a dangerous adversary and planned to have him taken off. On hearing this, Caesar fled from Sulla's wrath by leaving Italy. While travelling in the neighbourhood of Asia Minor, he fell into the hands of the pirates who were at that time the terror of all the Eastern Mediterranean. He lived among them for five weeks until his friends could obtain money enough to secure his freedom. During these five weeks, he wrote poems and orations and rehearsed them to the pirates. If they expressed no admiration, he called them dunces and barbarians and even threatened to crucify them !

Caesar's achievements on the field easily bear away the palm, whether we compare him with the generals of his own time or with those who lived before or after him. When he was in Gaul, he took eight hundred cities by assault, conquered three hundred nations and fought pitched battles with three millions of men ; and all this he did in less than ten years. Yet, in the midst of so much adventure, he found time for cultivating his taste for literature and completing the regulation of the calendar and correcting the erroneous computation of time agreeably to a method which he had skilfully contrived and which proved of the greatest utility.

He once honoured Cicero with a visit. Describing this visit in a letter to Attius, Cicero wrote "What a formidable guest I have had ! The villa was so crammed with troops that there was scarcely a chamber where the great man himself could dine. There was nothing of importance in our conversation but much literary talk."

Frederick the Great was the king of Prussia from 1740 to 1786 ; and during this time he greatly increased the power of his

country by his masterful government and military successes and published works extending to thirty volumes.

Frederick's father was a man "whose character was disfigured by odious vices and whose eccentricities were such as had never before been seen out of a madhouse". In his opinion, a prince's recreation should be to smoke hard, drink beer, play backgammon, kill wild hogs and shoot partridges. But Frederick had none of those tastes. He detested tobacco and backgammon and exhibited a strong partiality for the flute and for French literature. His father considered these tastes contemptible and effeminate, but made them still stronger by abusing him and persecuting him for indulging in them. The flute was broken and the French books were thrown out of the palace. Frederick himself was cudgelled and pulled by the hair! More terrible treatment followed, until in despair, the unfortunate Frederick tried to run away from the palace. Since Frederick was an officer in the army, his father viewed this as a grave case of desertion and would have put him to death. But kings and emperors intervening, Frederick met with no greater punishment than imprisonment. But he found his prison life quite happy, as there he could read the Henriade without being kicked, and could play on his flute without having it broken over his head.

Partly to conciliate his father and partly from inclination, Frederick, on the termination of his confinement, spared time from his literary pursuits for military and political business. He applied his mind to military and political science with the same vigour, earnestness and industry with which he applied it to literature and music. Until he succeeded to the throne of Prussia eight years later, he was as much occupied with fighting, gardening, building, as with writing verse and prose in the French language, a taste for which then reigned in Germany without rival and without limit. When he ascended the throne, he was found to be a king all inclined to encourage art and learning, but found also to be a tyrant of military talents and political skill.

Francois Voltaire was at that time the greatest man of letters in France. His genius should therefore have naturally attracted the extraordinary admiration of men devoted to literature and acquainted only with the literature of France. "A man who has never seen the sun cannot be blamed for thinking that no glory can exceed that of the moon. A man, who has seen neither moon nor sun, cannot be blamed for talking of the unrivalled brightness of the morning star." Homer and Milton, Virgil and Tasso, Sophocles and Sha kespeare; Thucydides and Tacetus were strangers to Frederick. No wonder then that the heroic poems, the tragedies and the historical works of Voltaire appealed to him as supremely fine, powerful and picturesque. But even Voltaire found in Frederick not a mere Versifier of Alexandrines, but also the most

vigilant, suspicious and severe of politicians. Four years after Frederick came to the throne, the Court of Versailles sent Voltaire on an important mission to him. Frederick received Voltaire with every mark of respect and friendship, lodged him in the palace and gave him a seat daily at the royal table. But while Voltaire talked of treaties and guarantees, Frederick talked of rhymes and metaphors. Voltaire put into Frederick's hands a paper on the state of Europe and Frederick returned it to Voltaire with verses scrawled on the margin. The first literary man of the age felt that he met, not an admirer whom he could easily win over, but the first practical man of the age who was too shrewd to be cajoled.

Amidst his cares to raise his kingdom to unprecedented heights of power, he retained his passion for music and literature. Much of the time he could snatch from the business of war and government he devoted to reading and writing. During the years 1756 to 1763, in which Frederick ranged himself with England in a terrible conflict (known in the History of Europe as the Seven Years War) with Austria, France and Russia, he produced odes and epistles. With enemies all around him and despair in his heart, he moved about, fighting brilliantly with pills of corrosive sublimate in one pocket and a quire of verses indifferent and sometimes bad, in the other!

I. D. TANGASWAMI

PLEASANT EXPERIENCES.

1. A MOTOR TRIP FROM JUBBULPORE TO NAGPUR

It was in the dawn of a winter day when nature was reviving from the effects of the rains and the vegetation displaying its beauty in flowers, fruit and corn, and the air was cold, and piercing, that we motored to Nagpur.

Having left the Cantonment at that early hour when even the houses slept, we swiftly passed gardens, houses, farms and came to the outskirits of the town. Taking the road to the left that leads to Seonie, we came upon a scene different from what had been left behind. We behold the broad out-spreading fields of corn, all green and bedecked with dew, covered over by a thin transparent veil of mist hardly discernable then. The farmers are just coming out to begin their daily toil. The bulls are at the plough, with their gay bells round their necks. Now the car turns, now ascends, now we pass a shrine to which pious pilgrims come. The road descends and we are at the banks of the Nurbudda, with temples on either side, where devout pilgrims from all over India come to worship and bathe in the holy water, so that their sins may be forgiven. Here sits a Sadhu on a bed of nails, his

countenance bears the marks of self-denial, as his habit indicates contempt of worldly splendour. His features would have been good, but for that sly epicurean twinkle that lurks under the penthouse of his eyes.

Having crossed the artifical bridge of wood that spans this broad and placid river, we are faced by a steep ascent and again the open fields are before us. We motor through a lonely road embowered in foliage. Now the road cuts accross wide expanses encircled by the dim horizon. The sky and land melt into one another, until they form a single element. We pass villages whose labourers are awake, hurrying to their work while their woman-folk are at the well, their pitchers to fill and their gossip to impart. Burghi, the first village we pass, has a railway station. The people are a simple, industrious and contented folk whose lives approach, as far as may be conceived, to that ideal which this restless world is striving after.

Our journey now lies through forest glades and mountain tracts, on a meandering road, till we reach the summit. All the neighbouring hills are below us.

> "Yonder comes the powerful king of day,
> Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
> The kindly azure, and the mountain's brow,
> Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
> Betoken glad. Lo: now apparent and
> Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
> He looks in boundless majesty abroad;"

In the distance, the purple-headed mountains veiled in mist have not yet been touched by the king. As one looks down into the valleys, one cannot but marvel at the infinite patience and perseverance shown by the farmers in their labour on insignificant little scraps of land, so hard and uneven that it is a marvel how the bullocks are able to pull the plough-share through.

The road descends in a meandering fashion like the unwinding of a corkscrew. In the valley we are motoring through open plains with green verdure that meets the eye at every turn, while in vivid contrast stand the tall but majestic Bubul trees with a darker shade about them. We leave behind us in rapid succession forests, fields villages, and come to the junction where a road leads to Lucknogaon. The town is a few miles away from the Nagpur-Jubbulpore road, but on a hill is the Scott Mission building, while to the right are the court buildings and the rest house. Having stopped here for a few minutes for tea, we start on our journey again. The sun is slowly gaining in splendour. The land around us is being ploughed and sown with wheat and oats, while the gram fields are in full flower. The white broad road is before us, save for a few bullock carts carrying provisions to the town, and a man on an ambling mule,

as it is market day. We rapidly pass hamlets where urchins greet us, while basking in the sun. We are travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour. The wind is still cold and piercing. On the right side of the mountain, the early sun is stiiking the tops of the dark teak trees which in places mingle with the brighter green of the Sutkata. High in the distance the mist-clad mountains peep over the grim bare hills. The road turns. Again we are amidst the forest groves that cover a greater part of the hills and valleys. Our attention is for a moment drawn to a peacock on a rock dancing against the sun's ray with its plumes out-spread, while its young ones are watching around. A little further on, a deer darts accross the road into the bushes, fearing some wild animal's attack. Now pass we a lurking mountain rill that murmurs as it flows along. We are on the plains that stretch to the further end. An avenue of mango trees now takes the place of forests. A few miles more and we will make our second halt. The road here is broad and red, with now & then a slight ascent and then a descent where "the lowing herd wind slowly over the lea," and the pipe of the early shepherd echoes far into the valley. Cultivation is carried on everywhere as this is the sowing season. The land here is flat and fertile being the plateau of Seonie. Amidst shady mango groves, the road leads on until we come to the pretty town of Seonie, where we halt to fill water in the radiator.

The city is full of stir and bustle as one goes up & down the narrow lanes walled in by dwellings A little further on we come into the market place. The still air that one breathes here is laden with the smell of condiments and the scent of orange and citron. All is bright with light, and the people with their gay dresses, soft tunics & coloured turbans saunter about. Seonie has a government school and a railway station. The civil lines are well laid-out. Just in front of the town is a tank with an island rich in foliage. The Nagpur—Jubbulpore road passes by the side of this rippling tank with lotus flowers nodding to the breeze, while the cranes and water ducks dive down and come up. The tall gigantic trees forming an avenue for the road, arch gracefully overhead as the cool breeze whispers among the boughs; motor lorries are standing under these hospitable trees.

Taking the road again, we motor along wheat fields, while now and then the sun plays hide-and-seek among the trees. We pass a sparkling stream.

"Still on its banks so gayly green,
May numerous herds of flock be seen."

The road ascends, the fields are few and sparing as the mountains with their forests are in view. We pass through a stretch of land that was once of the forest besprinkled with teak, Sutkata, and other trees, that have since been felled down, but maintain their

station in the recesses of the hills, although they have vanished from the exposed sides of the valleys. We leave behind the lovely fields and are once more among the forests and the hills. The various and innumerable flowers are growing luxuriantly in wild confusion. This wild confusion is interspersed by shrubs, bushes and trees on the mountain side. Down in the chasm below, the green of the forest forms a striking contrast to the dull-coloured ranges upon ranges of hills, each vainly trying to form a link between heaven and earth We are motoring through the thickest forests of C P., called the Kurhi Ghat. The road slowly winds round the mountain tops dense in teak and other trees. The perfume of wild flowers wafted by the breeze is everywhere. High on the summit grow dense forests, through which small streams, fed by the recent rains, are finding their way down, tumbling over broken rocks, as if tuned to the warbling notes and songs of birds Running up and down the trees, the monkeys are chattering most amusingly.

> "And through the dark green woods
> The white sun twinkled like the dawn
> Out of a speckled clond."

The dense woods and ghats continue for 9 miles. There is beauty and pleasure in these pathless woods, that would stir the poet's imagination or call forth the brush of the artist. Passing through these forests, one feels what can never be expressed. The mountain tract is coming to a close, although human habitation is yet far off. On the verge of the forests, which approach to nearly two miles of a hamlet, is an extensive meadow of the most beautifrl emerald green, which is surrounded on one side by the forest and fringed on the other by Pepal trees, some of these having reached an immense size. On this meadow are herds of catttle grazing, while the shepherd lads basking in the sun are playing sweet music on their flutes. Thirty miles more and we shall be in Nagpur. The gram and corn fields give place to cotton that is being picked by women and children. By the road-side, a solitary woman is picking cotton, singing to herself, reminding one of Longfellow's lines :—

> "Behold her, single in the field,
> Yon solitary highland lass!
> Reaping and singing by her-self."

Some travellers pass us by in bullock carts, this being the mode of conveyance for travelling to distant country parts. A thin tall man with keen regular features, an aquiline nose, piercing black eyes, high and wrinkled forehead, shaggy hair, is beside the carts on a pony. Endless and endless on either side, the white cotton fields stretch, between green fields of wheat. Here and there, huge trees close in their ranks and stand gloomily over us.

All is still except for the voice of the Cicalas, that people every bough and fill the land with one same hum in this s lvan solitude. We reach a hamlet made up of about a dozen mud huts standing against a bare hillock. To its right is a tank covered over with the leaves of the *singada*. A little further on we pass through a hill, on either side of which the Manganese mines and buildings are. We reach a turn of the road, which presents a more extensive prospect than the country we have left behind. A valley, in whose bosom lies a tank all green with moss, exhibiting the wild yet not unpleasant feature of a 'lone vale of green brake'. Here and there, the place is besprinkled by groves of mango and bubul trees under whose shade bullock carts are standing, while the cart men are baking their bread To our right, black barren rocks are seen We motor along fields of cotton and then pass a railway crossing. We next cross the concrete bridge that spans the broad Kanan river.

"No torrent strains thy limpid source,
No rocks impel thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles over its bed,
With white round pebbles spread ;
A charming mass thy waters make,
With bowers of beach and growing pine,"

The road takes a sudden turn and we are in the town of Kampty which is a military station. Swiftly leaving the town, we are in the open plains with here and there a few houses. The road turns and we pass wide branched trees, whose gnarled arms cover a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward, where herds of cattle are grazing· Nagpur is near at hand. The mills and chimney tops are visible, while slowly the houses are coming into view. Now we pass a group of houses belonging to the railway workmen. The road divides, a board is up, "Nagpur"! The hands on the dial of the railway clock are on 11.

To a lover of nature and her charms, the forests and the mountain glades on the Nagpur—Jubbulpore road hold out unusual attractions.

LILAVATHI V. LAKSHMANAN.

2. AN APPRECIATION.

(To the Ursu Bride and Bridegroom of May 1st 1930, at whose wedding I had the great pleasure and honour of being a guest, this "appreciation", though wholly inadequate, is respectfully dedicated.)

I listened motionless and still ;
And as I mounted up the hill,

MA SAN,
who owns and edits the paper called the "Independent."
She is the first Burmese lady to take up journalism.
Photo by Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

The procession ahead of Pandit Nehru's motor car in Bombay, led by women volunteers of the Desh Sevika Sangha.

By courtesy of the Editor, "The Illustrated weekly of India."

The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.
—Wordsworth.

Spring-time is Ring-time in Ireland, and May-time is Marriage-time in India; and particularly so in the beautiful City of Mysore, where marriages are celebrated with great pomp and splendour by the members of the Ursu community, the head of which is His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore.

India is the most hospitable Country in the world, where every woman is a natural "Lady" and every man a natural "Gentleman", --down to the poorest peasant.

We carry away with us the happiest of memories and so long as life and memory last we shall never forget the kindness meted out to us.

But there is one wedding in particular, the memories of which will remain enshrined in our hearts for all time, for the Bride and Bridegroom—both scions of the Royal house of Mysore—were our "friends";—the dearest and noblest "Friends", that anybody in this world could wish to have!

And, when the lute of life falls silent, and the song of life is done, and when the dark night comes and we pass into the great beyond, we shall carry with us these sweet-scented memories, for true friendship, like true love, is sacred and eternal, and can never die.

As I write, there arises before me the picture of a magnificient mansion, where we are greeted with genuine and unaffected graciousness, by our charming host.

He ushers us into a great hall where a vast multitude of people are assembled.

I am tempted to try and describe all I saw, but I shall refrain from doing so, as no pen—and least of all mine—could ever do justice to the magnificence of the whole scene,—the chief setting of which was the tall handsome Bridegroom and the beautiful little Bride dressed in magnificent clothes, and looking for all the world like some wonderful Prince and Princess, who had just stepped out of a fairy tale,—and the solemnity, sacredness and beauty of the various ceremonies connected with an Ursu marriage.

One felt that the author of "Mother India" and "Slaves of the Gods" was wise in the choice of titles—if nothing else—for her two books. For "India" is indeed a "Mother,"—yea, a *great generous* and indulgent Mother,—not only to her own children, but to the children of other nations, as well And the Indians are indeed, "Slaves of their Gods,"—and this is as it should be! And, in being so, they set a shining example to some nations of the West,—and

particularly to the cultured peoples who inhabit the land of the "stars and stripes"—for when attending an Indian wedding, one realises that marriage in India is regarded as something "sacred" and "holy;" and that it really is a "Sacrament," and not a "farce" and desecration", as it is amongst certain Western nations.

The various ceremonies, which, as already stated, were most sacred and beautiful, lasted five days; the fifth night being that of the grand marriage procession,—and final consummation of the marriage.

One has to witness the marriage procession at an Ursu Wedding to realise what it means

I shall never, never forget the grandeur of the scene, with the big handsome Bridegroom and the beautiful little Bride seated in in a magnificent howdah on an elephant, whose trappings shone in all their splendour. Nor shall I ever forget the dignity of the vast number of people who accompanied the procession; the torch-bearers; the music; the stately palm-trees which swayed in the breeze; the distant lights of Chamundi hill which stood out in all their beauty; the stars of God shining above, as if lighting the way with love and happiness for our dear friends; with the sweet moon shedding her soft radiance on their heads as if with a caress and blessing;—and encompassing all was the incomparable and magical beauty of the tropical night.

The procession wended its way onward, and ever onward, through the Indian night, till it reached the future home of the Bride and Bridegroom.

On their arrival, a short ceremony was performed, and there was some music, singing and dancing. The little Indian dancing-girl danced her dance; the little Indian songstress sang her song; the Indian Musician filled the tropical night with his music; and as its last notes trailed away into the velvety darkness and thence into the void, the Bride and Bridegroom took leave of their guests. And with them went the love and goodwill of all present and particularly the love and goodwill of two Irish friends, who felt that the tender grace of a day that was dead, so to speak, would never come back to them.

For we knew that, though we may attend many more weddings, none of them would have the same meaning for us as this one.

And as we took leave of our gracious host, and stepped into his big Sedan, which was awaiting us, our hearts were too full for words. As the big car swept like a Czar through the Indian night, its giant weight resounding against the slumbering streets of Mysore, it seemed as if it were the only moving thing in that wide and wonderful night-quiet.

It seemed as if the whole world was asleep. Even the moon seemed blanketed under the beautiful lake, which runs along the Boulevard, and whose waters were luminous, and soft as an Indian lullaby; rather than behind the silvery cloud high above majestic Chamundi Hill.

As the great car sped on, skirting the water for a mile or so, we kept our eyes on the tranquil yet startling beauty spread before us and the silent lake with its lotus-covered waters, walled by steep embankments with softly swaying palm trees, and sentinelled by beautiful mansions and the body-guard lines, with the great hill of Chamundi beyond, seemed to rest aloof from the world,—on the very shoulders of Mysore.

And as we drank in the beauty of the night,—the "Indian" night,—we thought of our dear friends who were so bravely stepping out to fight Life's battle together.

And we prayed God that their lot might be a happy one; and that they may know no winter,—but only a long, long Summer's day, an Indian summer filled with sweet-scented flowers of love,unity, contentment, peace, health, wealth, prosperity, happiness and bright sunshine,—yes, sunshine always, with no clouds to darken their young lives.

Be they near, or be they far,
May God's blessing like a star
Shine upon them everywhere.
And in the lone evening hours,
As the twilight folds the flowers,
We will fold their names in pray'r.

AN IRISH FRIEND.

3. LIGHTS OF THE CITY.

The blaze of colour, left by the setting sun, is suddenly quenched with that swiftness, which is ever associated with nightfall in the Tropics. Darkness comes on apace, wrapping all things in a black veil of mystery. Suddenly, the gloom is pierced by a golden shaft of light, followed by another and another, till soon the town appears like some sable peacock proudly spreading his tail, studded with golden eyes. A thousand sparkling fires, dancing and gleaming, appear to gladden the heart of the sombre night. Light falls from sun like a golden veil; from others it streams away in long ribbons, deepening and intensifying the surrounding dark, which seems tense with well-guarded secrets and unseen mysteries.

Every light seems to convey a different message: some are bright with soft shy smiles and others have a sly twinkle in their

eyes. Some there are which, with their comfortable warmth and cheery glow, spreading out into the night, speak of loving homes and soft laughter, of gay young voices and tender ministering hands, while still others, solitary and apart, indicate the toiler after knowledge, or the weary watcher by some lonely bedside. The street lamps shining with their clear, steady glow seem as though assuring some perplexed traveller that all is well, that close at hand is a haven of refuge. Lights, like elusive will-o-the-wisps, seem to beckon the gay revellers of the night to take their full draught of life, "for once dead they may return no more." As the hours of the dark creep on, short-lived lights yield, one by one, to the dungeon darkness, and a calm silence, broken but gently by the whispering of the wind in the leaves and the far-off bark of a dog, succeeds the busy noise of day. Occasionally, a passer-by looms with echoing steps out of the darkness, from whence no one knows, is silhouetted against the yellow light, and is then swallowed up by the waiting shadows, going, no man knows whither. His steps ring on the pavement, and then die away in the silence, which once more falls on all things.

The city, Argus-eyed, sits brooding over eternal mysteries. Deeper and deeper grows the night, and the silence deepens too. The air seems heavy with the burden of tears shed from the beginning of the world, and the ghosts of old, unhappy, far-off things seem to haunt the night. The lights stand like some brave sentinel, single-handed against an overwhelming force, which threatens every moment to engulf him. The mysterious hours of dreams pass, and the dawning light trembles in the sky, and those "street-lamps of the city of God" pale and burn out. In that hush before the dawn, a little chilly wistful breeze wanders, murmuring on its way, and faint whisperings of waking life are heard. The desolate gray light of early morning soon blushes to a redder tinge, and in that roseate hue the lamps stand pale and ghost-like, as though their long vigil through the hours of the dark had wearied them, leaving them trembling and pallid, too weak and wan to face the common light of day. Unnoticed and unneeded, they falter and perish, now that the sun exalts the city into radiant beauty. And so they die—till the coming of night resuscitates them to triumphant life and sets them to gleam jewel-like on her dusky breast.

MARGERY DAVIDSON.

OUR SCIENTIFIC ARTICLE

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

SERIES II.

THE planet Saturn is a very remarkable object when seen through a telescope. Its mean distance from the sun is 885

million miles. It completes one revolution round the sun in twenty-nine and a half years. Its equatorial diameter is 75 thousand miles As its period of rotation, as in the case of Jupiter is shorter near the equator than at the poles, Astronomers consider that it is not a solid body The planet has a system of ten satellites. Surrounding the planet we see a beautiful system of rings which distinguishes Saturn from all the other heavenly bodies. The outer ring is about 173 thousand miles in diameter. The middle ring is separated from the outer by a distance of 1800 miles. The rings are composed of fine particles of matter and each particle has an orbit of its own. It was shown by eminent mathematicians, that a body rotating within a certain critical distance from any planet would be disrupted by the planet's gravitational force. The same case applies to the rings of Saturn The probable temperature of Saturn is—330° Fahrenheit.

Uranus was discovered in 1781 by Sir William Herschel. This discovery was unique. Since the most ancient times, only five planets were known and this was an addition. Uranus is an object of the sixth magnitude. Its diameter is 31500 miles and its distance from the sun is 1780 million miles. It has four satellites. Its probable surface temperature is—380° F.

One of the first great triumphs of mathematical astronomy was the discovery of Neptune. From the perturbations of Uranus, Adams and Leverrier found out independently the existence of a body outside Uranus. Leverrier intimated to Prof. Galle of Berlin the theoretical position of the planet and soon Galle picked it out. Neptune is not visible to the naked eye. Its diameter is 31 thousand miles and it is 2800 million miles from the sun. t takes 164 years for Neptune to complete one revolution round the sun. It very much resembles Uranus.

The announcement of the discovery of a trans-Neptunian planet has taken the world by surprise and it is a most significant discovery in our own century. From the perturbations of the orbits of Neptune and of Halley's Comet, the late Prof. Pickering predicted the existence of an unknown planet beyond Neptune, many years back. Unfortunately, Pickering did not live to see his prediction proved true The planet has been identified by many leading astronomers in America And there is no doubt that ere long the planet will be thoroughly studied. Is this new planet the farthest out-post of the Solar System ? We do not know that at present.

We shall now take up those wonderful members of the Solar system known as the comets and the meteors. These were objects of terror to the primitive people. Even Shakespeare says in his Julius Caesar:

'When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
But the heavens themselves blaze forth the death
of princes.'

A comet is distinguished by its head and tail. Many of the comets are visible only through a telescope. They move in ellipses, approaching close to the sun and again rush away. The periods of some comets are many thousands of years. The head of a comet is generally between a thousand and a million miles in diameter The tail of a comet is formed as it rapidly approaches the sun. The nebulous matter thrown out by the nucleus is repelled by the force of radiation pressure exerted by the Sun. Generally the tails point away from the Sun, and are many millions of miles in length. The speed of the material in the tail increases as it moves away from the head. We can see faint stars through the heads of comets. This shows, that the comets are really composed of very light material. The light given out by a comet is in part reflected sunlight. The spectrum of a comet shows the presence of cyanogen and carbon monoxide in it. Some comets are disrupted by forces working within our Solar System as in the case of Biela's comet, which was split up into two. There is absolutely no danger even if the earth were to come into contact with some of these comets. The result will be merely a brilliant and long-continued shower of meteors.

On dark nights,we often observe bright objects shooting through the sky. Every day many millions of these meteors enter our atmosphere. As a comet travels in its orbit, it leaves behind little portions of its nucleus, and when these come into contact with the atmosphere, heated by the enormous amount of friction, these fall down as a shower of meteors. We see many such periodic showers, as in the case of the November showers. Meteorites are larger bodies that directly fall on the earth's surface. Their appearance is frequently attended with explosions. These we call 'fireballs' due to their brilliance. The meteorites are mostly composed of iron and nickel.

We can easily distinguish the planets. The planets do not twinkle, while the stars do. Now we have made a short survey of the solar system What is the origin of the Solar System? Is the Sun stationery? What will be its future? According to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, the Solar system was formed by the condensation of a spiral nebula. Another famous view is, that the Sun encountered a giant star which raised huge tides on the sun These tides were torn off and they condensed into the various planets. But such encounters in the universe are very rare. According to Prof. Jeans, the Sun is 7000 billion years old. Sir James Jeans thinks that the number of star systems like the Solar system in this universe is extremely small. In all probability, our earth is the

only planet in the solar system, inhabited by intelligent living beings. At present we are not in a position to say anything definite about the future of the Solar system. Prof. Russell is of opinion, that it will take one hundred and fifty thousand billions of years for the Sun to cool down.

C. K. MONEY.

THE STORY OF KUCHELA— THE DEVOTEE

IN one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of *Uttara Madura*, lay the historic land of Avanti, noted for its fabulous riches and wonderful beauty. Peace, plenty and prosperity ever reigned supreme over this glorious city, which was sanctified by the holy presence of the holiest devotees of God. Vedic brahmins thronged the temples, and the atmosphere reverberated with the holy chanting of Mantras and the sweet music of divine songs. It was agreed on all sides that it was the prayers and penance of the ascetics and wandering anchorities that brought peace and happiness unto the populace. Rich pastures, ever-green meadows, full-grown fields and crystal lakes revealed to the fullest extent the special favour which nature had shown to the country. In short, Avanti furnished a very paradise on earth.

Was it any wonder that almost every family in Avanti searched for the truth and the realisation of the Almighty? It was in one such family that a babe was born. The boy was brought up by his parents with the utmost care. As he grew up, even at that young age, he exhibited an extraordinary genius and intelligence in all his studies. In those days, the Gurukula system was followed, and most parents sent their children to be educated under a wise leader or guru. Our Brahmin youth became the disciple of the sage Sandipani. Sree Krishna was also a disciple of the sage, and became the companion and playmate of the Brahmin youth.

After the completion of their studies, the two separated. Sree Krishna went to the splendid land of Dwaraka, and the Brahmin youth entered *Grihasthasrama* or the marriage estate, and, according to the wishes of his parents married a young, beautiful and good-natured Brahmin girl. Yet the youth, quite contrary to natural expectations, had his mind fixed on the realms of the higher and nobler thoughts of the Vedas, and he spend his days in meditation and prayer, and in cultivating the qualities of kindness, patience and mercy. He realised, in fact, that there was something worthier to which be ought to divert his heart and soul than the petty pleasures, the transitory enjoyments, and the vanishing dreams of this work-a-day world. Indulgence in life was quite con-

trary to the bent of his mind. He did not care for the lust of money. With unflinching firmness of mind, he directed his energy towards the realisation of God. It was no wonder that his austere and rigorous life of pure simplicity and devotion made him reverenced and respected by all around him.

Yet, everything good must be attended by evil. Unselfish as he was, and unconcerned with the wealth and riches of life, he naturally became a cruel victim of poverty. He was poor, so miserably poor that he and his family were clothed in unclean and patched-up rags, which barely covered their emaciated and frail persons. As he was always so clad in tatters, he was nick-named "Kuchela" which meant, "the one who wore dirty clothes."

Kuchela became the father of no less than 27 children; and all that they had to subsist on was the little amount derived from begging. That so poor and wretched a Brahmin should have been troubled with numerous children, while rich and affluent lords were blessed with not even one child, is only one of the many inscrutable ways in which divine destiny works in this world.

Kuchela's dutiful wife used to take the little quantity of rice, which her poor husband brought home after begging, cook it and serve it to her little ones and the guests, who chanced to come very often. Sometimes, she herself had nothing to eat. She faithfully ministered to the wants of her lord, and thus proved herself to be the typical ideal of Indian womanhood.

As the days went on, Kuchela's efforts at begging ceased to be rewarded. People refused to give him anything. Finally, he gave up begging and devoted his time to meditation of the Lord. Now the whole burden of the family had to be borne by the patient wife. The grief that she felt for her hunger-stricken children became unbearable. Every morning brought in its train fresh sorrows. The children wept for food, clinging to the tattered and thread-bare skirts of the poor mother. Kuchela himself did not seem to feel the misery in his wretched home, as the whole of his mind was absorbed in divine thoughts. If he did think of it, he imagined that his present poverty was due to the work of his own *Karma* and Fate.

At last, unable to bear their terrible poverty, the wife of Kuchela spoke to him thus :

"O, my dear ! you are proof against all the wealth and cares of this world, while I myself and our children still remain tied to the miseries of life. Do not let me displease you. I speak, not to lower you from the elevated plain of life you are leading. I speak only what I feel, bound as I am still to this world of Maya and illusion. My Lord ! our children, unable to bear their hunger, are lying huddled-up half-dead in a corner. Do not our *Puranas* say that it is the bounden duty of the parents to feed their children,

and protect them from all the dangers that may beset them in their young age. Such being the case, what cursed fate withholds us from giving that tender care to our little ones? I am a sinner! A woeful sinner! What destiny made these innocent children take their birth from me? I am cursed, that I should patiently sit and watch my dear ones weep with red and swollen eyes for their food. No other misery under heaven gives so much pain to the soul as the curse of poverty. Poverty is a hideous demon. It drinks our life-blood, and scorches our heart. It breaks love, makes one forget God and is the root cause of the worst vices in the world. Such being the havoc wrought by this demon, should we not, my dear, try to drive it out of our otherwise happy home? I have thought of one way of help. There lives our Bhagvan Sree Krishna in his abode of Dwaraka. He was your companion and playmate in your student days. Will he not render us some help, if you approach him and represent our grievances? I know you pray to him incessantly. Will not the Lord take pity upon your hunger-stricken children? Will a devotee's prayers and pleadings go unheard and unrequited? I beg of you that you start at once and go to Dwaraka to plead for help. I am sure Sree Krishna will completely deliver us from our present condition."

Kuchela, the devotee, after hearing his wife out patiently, said "I am really surprised at your silly words! The misery you suffer now is the fruit of your Karma in your previous life. What is fated cannot be avoided. You want wealth to drive out your poverty and feed your children. There are the birds and beasts. Are they living by wealth? Are they not also the creation of God, and do they die without food? Then, why this madness for money? Well, it is all Maya. Crying, we came into this world and crying we depart from it. The child, as soon as it is born, sucks the milk from the mother's breast and so on. Is it conscious of all its acts? Is it not all the work of some divine power? Then, will not that divine power lead that child later, and enable him to follow his destined path of life? Everything is, in fact, the work of divine destiny. Nothing can withstand the iron hand of fate.

"But the tremendous fact of death cannot be eliminated. The whole world is going to death, everything is dying. All our progress, our vanities, our reforms, our luxuries, our wealth, our knowledge have an end—death That is all that is certain. Cities come and go, empires rise and fall, planets break into pieces and crumble into dust. What is their goal? Death is the goal of everything. Saints die and sinners die and beggars die. They are all going to death, and yet this tremendous clinging on to life exists. Somehow, we do not know why, we have to cleave to life and its absurdities. The mother nurses a child with great care; all her soul, her life is in that child. The child grows, becomes big, and perchance becomes a bad man; and yet the

mother loves him. This is Maya. We are all after the golden fleece. We all try for it and the majority never get anything. This is Maya indeed. Everything here is illusion. It is this tremendous contradiction in our intellect, in our knowledge, in our life, in our facts, that troubles you. So, my dear, do not labour under the delusions of this mysterious world. Do not worry about poverty and unhappiness. What is fated cannot be avoided. Life is all a dream."

In spite all these philosophical sayings of Kuchela, however, the heart of his wife still yearned over her children ; not because she was blind to the truths that were expressed by her lord, but because the hunger and agonising cries of her children shot like a thousand arrows into her loving heart. At last, she again addressed her husband in desperation: "My lord! it is all true that our pleasures and pains are the effect of our Karma, and fate cannot indeed be withstood. But is it right that we should remain inactive and leave everything for destiny to work out? Is it not our duty to labour for the emancipation of our young ones from the demon of poverty, under which they are suffering? So, my dear! please do take pity upon these wailing children. I am sure that, if you go to the omnipresent and all-merciful Lord Krishna for help, he will surely give us a helping hand!

At last, Kuchela came to the realisation that there was much truth in what she said, and braced himself to go to Dwaraka without waste of time. In those days, it was customary, among even the poorest, to take some present when paying a visit to a distinguished personage. According to this custom, Kuchela asked his dutiful wife to give him something, so that he might take it and present it to the Lord Krishna. The good woman went out to beg for some rice and prepared some *Avil*, (beaten rice) out of it, and thus addressed her husband.

"My dear! the Omnipotent, and Omniscient Lord knows our condition, our wretched poverty and will not take this humble gift amiss."

Thus speaking, she searched for a piece of cloth in which to tie up the humble present to Sree Krishna. She could not get one, so tearing a piece from her own dirty thread-bare and patched-up *sari*—if it could be called a *sari*, she tied the *Avil* in it, and handed it to her husband.

Animated by the thought of that Lord whom he had been ever picturing in his mind, yet with his heart troubled by feelings of disappointment, and of having done wrong in listening to his wife, the good old Brahmin walked along the green meadows, and thick woods, with the humble present of *Avil*, safely tucked under his arm. He carried an old umbrella made of bamboo

and palmyra leaves, with one part of it bidding farewell to the other, under the strong gusts of the furious wind. Reduced to a mere skeleton as he was by continued poverty, he was clad in a dirty and tattered rag, which could scarcely be called a cloth. It was the middle of summer, and, as he walked under the scorching rays of the sun, he was all bedraggled with perspiration. Hungry and thirsty, he sought rest now and then under the shady boughs of some giant banyan tree. He indeed seemed to be the very embodiment, the incarnation, of misery upon earth. He was, strickly speaking, poverty himself, who was going to the Lord to present his grievances.

So he went on. The distance lessened. His heart leapt with joy as, suddenly turning a corner, his eyes caught sight of the golden domes and towers that rose in full majesty within the celestial abode of Sree Krishna.

But doubts came soon to trouble him. "Alas," he said unto himself, "how am I, a wretched and miserable soul, to enter into this divine place ever sanctified by the holy presence of the Lord? Who will recognise me? Who will care for me? How am I to get admission inside the gates, where great lords and rich potentates wait and watch for entrance with luxurious presents? Uncouth and poor as I am, who will allow me inside? Even if I get entrance, how am I to get a glimpse of the Lord? Even if I get a glimpse of him, how am I to beg before him for money, this base barren metal, common drudge between man and man, the root cause for all sin and misery in this world?"

Such thoughts swam incessantly before his mind's eye, as he came to the celestial city of Dwaraka.

But the magnificent sight within the gates dazzled his eyes and uplifted his heart. Richly-caparisoned milk-white horses, majestically galloped along the net-work of magnificent streets. Young and beautiful maidens sang celestial songs in praise of the Bhagavan from the balconies of the holy abodes of the god, and filled the heart of Kuchela with an inexpressible joy. He felt that a new light had already dawned in his care-worn mind. The whole place was resplendent with yellow flags, which fluttered in the wind, as if calling humanity to come and pray to the all-powerful and all-merciful lord. In all the big mansions were hung rich tapestries representing the many *Avataras* of Sree Krishna. Tired with walking, and struck dumb by the noble sights that greeted his eyes everywhere, Kuchela stood stupified.

At last, he summoned courage to address those at the gates.

"Oh, devotees of Krishna, I have come here, walking all the way from Avanti to get a glimpse of our Lord Krishna, and offer my humble prayers at His feet. I am a Brahmin, a humble man

and an old playmate of the Lord. My name is Kuchela. I shall be greatly indebted to you if you can kindly take me to the presence of Srikrishna".

This humble request of Kuchela did not at first move those at the gates. However, they soon saw, that it was no ordinary man who stood there in his rags. His faith and devotion made themselves felt, and soon he was admitted and was taken into the divine presence of the Lord Sree Krishna himself. Oh! joy of joys! At last, Kuchela stood before his Lord. A most sincere and cordial welcome was given to him. He was made to sit by the side of Sree Krishna himself on a beautiful silk cushion. There they eagerly entered into conversation. They went over all the old stories of their student life together. At last Sree Krishna, immensely pleased with his devotee, asked him whether he had brought any thing for him to eat. But, Kuchela was filled with shame for his poor gift, and hesitated to offer it. Without waiting however, Krishna snatched the bundle of *Avil* from the reluctant and nervous Brahmin, and ate one handful with immense relish. But, as he was about to take a second handful, Rukmani, his beautiful wife, came from behind the Purdah, and caught hold of his hands, and begged her Lord to give the second handful of *Avil* to her; for, she said to her Lord aside, that if he were to eat the second handful too, then she would have to become the servant-girl of the Brahmin Kuchela.

Lord Krishna chattered with his friend for a long time and then, the Brahmin started for his own home. During his long journey, he cursed himself with the thought that he had not represented his grievances to his Lord, and he feared that he would be severely scolded by his wife. As he approached his home, he raised his tear-dimmed eyes to his own dirty cottage; but he could see none of it there. He was really astonished to see a towering mansion instead. As he went nearer the mansion, he saw many men-servants and maids flitting hither and thither and assembling to welcome somebody. Kuchela could not believe his eyes. He stood at the gate, blinking at the unthought of transformation, till his wife, clad in the richest of garments, with her children adorned with the costliest of ornaments, came running along to receive her husband into their new mansion.

It had been all the work of Sree Krishna. The prayers of a devotee never go unheard. Krishna, even though his friend had omitted to mention his poverty to him, had by his magical power seen his pitiable plight; and, as his friend had from the very beginning been piously devoted to him and had placed his trust in him, he had determined to reward him with plenty. This was how the palatial house and the riches had come there. And Kuchela, though happy in having got wealth and comfort, was not

carried away by his riches. On the other hand, he continued to keep his faith in God undiminished, and prayed to him all the more. He and his family lived happily and did their best to help the world and its poor creatures. Their name became known everywhere for philanthopy and benevolence.

OUR POETRY PAGE

1. THE MESSAGES OF NATURE

Nature, all around us, ever speaks
Of a profound calmness and serenity.
The mountains, with their purple blue-grey peaks,
Reaching high into the canopy
Of heaven, have risen to the very heights
Of immortal *happiness*. The sights;
That meet our earthly vision everywhere,
Reiterate the endless peace, which dwells
Like a spirit brooding on the formless air
And shadowing the world with out-spread wings.
The trees, that silently for ages grow,
Emphasise a joy we do not know.
The birds that ever sing their songs of praise
To the one existing God, reveal a faith
Unfelt by mortal men. The flowers that raise
Their sylph-like forms on slender swaying stalks,
And ever bow in worship to the sky,
Are steeped in rapture that will never die.
Ah, why do we then wander to and fro
In restless misery? Why do we not
Drink deep of Nature's spirit and outgrow
This love of wealth? Why can we not detach
Ourselves from selfish individual strife
And mingle in the harmony of life?

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN.

2. TONIGHT

Tonight the moon will rise when you're asleep,
And langourous, memoried scents will haunt the air;
Oh that white road, the stars, their watch will keep,
But I shall not be there.

Tonight those turbulent waves will dimly creep
And break in agelong travail on the shore,

But O, most dear, you will be still asleep
And silent evermore.

Oh! all night long I see you. In unrest
Your eyes, I've followed far beyond the run
Of night's horizon, till on daylight's breast
The stars were growing dim.

Now day's bright circle sinks beneath the deep,
The moon emerging, shines upon that hill
In majesty serene,—but you're asleep
So silent and so still.

E. H. D'ALWIS.

FRIENDLY CHATS

A FUTURE FOR WOMAN AND MAN

[FROM AN AMERICAN BACKGROUND.]

TO me, and I think most American men subconsciously, the American Feminists personify defiance, independence, energy and will for combativeness. But those of India seem to indicate a rare inner beauty, depth, wisdom, inclination and time, hopeful of mutual understanding between Woman and Man.

As the American women have dealt with their problem from without inward, from a Utopian end, rather than means, in India I am hopeful of a growth fundamentally right; from within radiating outward, dealing with the potential organic psychic qualities of Woman and Man cooperatively. And yet the movement in India can have hardly been born without the inspiration of our Western movement. For this reason, you can profit by the hopes and failures of those of the West, if you will.

Today, American women and men, while of excellent sportsmanship qualities, not only seem infantile in their friendships, home, and public life, but impress me as secretly antagonistic, uncreative, and exploitive of each other. They seem to drift at loose ends, without sound purpose or vision.

I have studied literature, biography, history, and contemporary life, to find two to exemplify an immortal ideal as friends or lovers —Woman to Man—Man to Woman. There are none, whose examples inspire a creative philosophy of life. Not that there are no commendable ambitions, potential aspirations, between those in married life, or among youth today; but they seem to burn and die where they take root. This means that something is wrong with our social structure and philosophy of life. To me, our Western growth is clouded with moral and ethical inconsistencies and con-

flicts, which every future civilization should guard against. It is my desire to set them forth here in shapes which indicate our socially unsound sub-structure. In these you will find that every theory we hold today in the West for social unity and individual protection, falls by the wayside as important.

One finds religious groups, organizations of all kinds, and publications; at war with each other's views, yet all proclaiming to be following the way to truth and right. Women's organisations war upon men—men in fear of self-preservation begin to war upon women. Philosophies of preservation and defence of one's own must soon take root. Everyone has lost all sense of proportion and perspective, and concentrate upon barriers of defence. Thus, the group becomes a medium of protection, and the end to which human energy is turned. Human values have become abstract; organized ends, concrete. Inner values are sacrificed, turn into rigid lines of form, and stagnate. Form becomes the line of action, makes war upon, and prostitutes, all creation. Walls spring up between individuals, between Woman and Man, between group and group, between Nation and Nation. Rights of universal contact between individuals are declared criminal, seditious, and irreligious. Numbers, prestige, and law are sought with exclusive privilege. Every individual is swept up and along into a vacuum, where his or her identity is lost in a torrent of blind worship by which no one profits.

We harp back to the human excellence and the culture of Greece, where man was glorified and designated as the end of all human activity. Where however the opinions of men were listened to for the wisdom of their logic and relation to reality, Man was there credited (not Woman unfortunately) for what he was, and for his contributions to the elevation of Man. Today, Man and Woman are zero. The individual has no sacred entity, but is valued by what he or she is attached to, or has pre-eminence in matters of financial utility. The group does not ask—"what are you?" It is not interested in you. It asks— "what have you got?—then give it!" But by what right does the group take and give nothing? Its proclamations and assertions prove nothing! It may bring to its assistance science, method, numbers, the labels of academic teaching, psychology; but none of these unite Man and Woman consistently with their out-recaching spirit, unrelated to the group. The sciences of the West are assisting the groups in breaking down and exploiting the individual entity, scattering the human creative powers to abstract collective ends manipulated by scheming men and women seeking personal aggrandizement through this power of control.

The defects of collective action are obvious in the West, but confusing, because of the assumption that unity brings reform, and opposes evil. It does that, but never establishes a natural growth.

The kind of collective action we have is just the opposite of the co-operative growth, that I assume to be the aim of your Mahatma Gandhi. Ours is quicker, seems to seize the end in view; but all our history indicates what little solution and foundation it brings us for our problems. Moreover, collective action establishes an abstract power above woman and man. It is led by the use of abstract symbols, which come under the control and manipulation of tyrants. It is exactly the opposite of the defensive philosophy of such men as Buddha and Jesus, two men whose purpose I understand was to destroy this power. Neither created churches for this reason. Their object was to magnify the rights of the individual, to give credit and protection for his or her creative powers.

Those, who have been the great emancipators, have never been concerned with the breadth of their control, so much as with their breath of vision, knowledge in all things, and the depth and soundness of their wisdom. What we have in America in the churches from the orthodox to the liberal, is not a discussion of the creative relations between women and men, but the spectacle of debates of question-groups. Our public forums and the press is filled with ideas of group representation. None are assisting Woman and Man to enlighten and protect themselves.

The interests of Woman and Man, the source from which they came and derive their powers and rights, are not better served by the declarations of this or that group, or allegiance to symbols or abstract principles and ideals, from which we derive no direct practical benefit. I ask none to believe what I say. All that I ask is that each look within their own soul and test its truth in unity with their own out-reaching spirit for growth and light. And no group can lay claim to the promotion of human rights unless they grant a respect for the personality of every woman and man. If there is any demand more pressing than another, it is a new conception of representation, of editorship, of leadership; through which woman and man can be represented in their own right.

I know of no publication, leader, organization in America, or anywhere in the world, that prove by their "deeds" and attitude toward every woman and man with whom they come in daily contact that they are serving in the interests of women and men. If they were there, they would take better pains to magnify and give outlet to the best in each. Human social ethics must be primarily concerned with the objective creative ability of every woman and man, not with the abstraction of it into collective power. Preachers do not need to glorify their claim to being agents of their Maker; as is every woman and man in his or her own right. All are entitled to opportunity, and none are designated to monopolize it, or make a power of it by which to make slaves of others.

There can only be one human universal criterion that will ever secure freedom for the whole human race; that criterion is such a deification of women and men as to raise their value above all collective abstract powers. Why speak of the end of War, so long as children are taught that states and institutions have rights above those of women and men? It is not murder for a state to take life, and as long as there exists no moral philosophy against it more powerful than those of states, such inconsistencies will exist. It is anarchy to oppose the state, it is not anarchy for the state and its politicians to destroy individual integrity. It is not criminal for organized groups to make war upon and exploit individual creation. Why? No editor, artist, writer, society, religion, or nation, will ever solve injustice, until their mediums are a direct outlet for the growth of women and men. Until women and men dedicate their social efforts to an equal opportunity and growth for every individual, the evil by-products of other ends, economic, political, group monopoly, will not be weakened.

Few, if any, have met the inner test of leadership today. None can know truth and understand it, until she or he find it in themselves, until each can live in harmony, peace, and trust in themselves. Not until then are they fit to understand, guide, or serve others. Not until they have known solitude, privation, frustration, a struggle with their own spirit, will she or he have met the test for guidance. Not until then will they have learned some of the first principles of justice, or be capable and courageous enough for indignant protest against the exploitation of the soul of every woman and man. Practical capability is not the only test for human leadership. One must feel an affinity to the struggle of life in every woman and man, prove their respect for it, and sincerity to work for it. For the time has come wherein we see how important this leadership is.

In summary: the individual proceeds the group, the collective end, and owes no allegiance to it other than for the cause for which she or he is here to expand the life force from within outward in self-development and harmonious living; and a like reverence and respect for the same opportunity for others. Whatever may be said of their methods, I consider that Buddha and Jesus had no other purpose than to stress the relationship of each individual to their own inner power; to that in all others; with a social aim in raising the divinity of Woman and Man, and their respect and co-operation creatively with each other.

NAPOLEON BERNARD.

Note:— The word "group" as used here applies to any power over the individual created by the family, business, religion, press, or government.

IN MAN'S REALM

1. ON BUYING

(WHICH INCLUDES SELLING)

(A PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL ESSAY)

ALMOST every one has his or her own shopping manner. It is part of one's individuality and is often dearly cherished. If you haggle one hour before buying half an article, another pays down what is asked and goes home with a dozen articles, in less than as many minutes, and having spoken in all not more than half-a-dozen words.

My shopping manner was defined by two unintentional purchases with indelible memories. I was wandering aimlessly on a Madras road, when my attention was arrested by the loud beginnings of a road-side bargain. Some one was selling a fountain-pen and another was buying it; but, as the parties could not agree as to the price to be paid and received, the sale was withheld just when it had nearly been made. The crucial point was a matter of four rupees, it being the difference between the offered four and the asked-for eight rupees. I took a sidelong glance at the pen and being at once impressed with its fitness to sign a treaty of Versailles, I offered "Five rupees". The seller who had nothing but the fountain-pen to sell, took me into his confidence, telling me how he had purchased it just two days ago from Messrs P. Orr & Sons, for eleven rupees, and how his poor mother had suddenly died overnight, making it necessary to convert the pen into cash, so that the funeral might be paid for. As confidences are always sacred and true, I offered in my turn six rupees, which he accepted only on account of 'cruel necessity,' and the sleek and statesmanlike fountain-pen became mine, to my joy, which was only disturbed by the memory of "the suddenly-dead mother," it carried. It was not, however, long before two familiar faces appeared to satisfy me that the bargain was worth only four annas and that the beginnings of the sale that had arrested me formed a regular feature of the trade.

Some time ago, as I was sitting vacantly in a train, averting my eyes from the struggling passengers getting in and out of the compartment at a respectable railway station a swarthy cobbler appeared below my window with shining pair of shoes, which satisfied at once my sight and most of my mind. The stitching was a a pattern of art and the leather softer than marble and mellower than gold. I had no difficulty in offering two rupees against the quiet cobbler's four and the shoes were mine, beautiful value for a song, as I fancied. The swarthy man, with a certain twinkle in his eye, quickly delved into the thickening dark and disappeared, when a critical passenger who had just boarded my compartment, confided to me that my beautiful shoes were made of waste paper,

slightly abetted by a veneer of skin and that the whole composite art so magnificently concealing truth would fly into analysis at the first touch of use.

The two incidents have made it impossible for me to do any shopping at all, for I am always at a loss to know what I am willing to pay for any article I want. There are certain shops with "Fixed Prices." I hold them in the greatest dread, for if I went into any of them I am sure of starting with a quarter of their prices, at which the salesman being scandalized and losing his temper is almost as sure of thinking of the police. Once I was nearly taken hold of by these gentle-folk over the subject of a woollen blanket I wanted to purchase for my personal use and for which, therefore, I offered six rupees, as against the twelve labelled on the article itself. I at once counted down the dozen coins and even then only escaped by the skin of my teeth. I had, however, the gratification that the same people sold the same article to a friend of mine the next day for ten rupees. In explanation of the difference, my friend argued that today was not tomorrow, which is the same thing as yesterday is not today, and that he was not me, which is the same thing as the shopkeepers are not always the same.

The Grand Total of these experiences is that I have completely lost the talent of buying things. I never buy, which is now my settled shopping manner.

I have seen many good and true folks, who when they buy two articles come home with three articles. The other day I saw somebody buying an umbrella and getting home a little later with an umbrella and a walking stick. The contention in these cases generally is that articles like money bear interest, or that there is a temporary suspension of memory somewhere. I have seldom seen the suspended memory function again. Shopkeepers do not themselves know much about these private interests and hidden memories.

There are some buyers, who force their prices on the articles they want to purchase, by haggling, just as there are some sellers who haggle upwards so persistently that the buyer is imperceptibly brought to his knees. My only mystery about these transactions is why, unlike as in the other case, the police are left severely unremembered.

The fluctuations of the bazaar are so many and so diverse that one, sooner or later, stops all buying and another all selling. Thus, some shops are never opened and in some houses there is never a new article.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

2. TOO MUCH WOMAN

BY A HE-MAN

(SELECTED)

The world is just about sick of all this "Woman" talk. It is time the lady was put in her place, when perhaps her swelled-head would diminish to its normal proportions

Through a mistaken sense of chivalry, man has allowed woman to bamboozle him into letting her have the "best of both worlds." Sex-equality in practice, has proved that woman shares in all the privileges, without shouldering the corresponding duties.

For instance, man has allowed woman to enter business and the professions. By so doing he has worsened his unemployment problem—yet he is the one who is expected to keep on paying for their joint pleasure. He is the mug who saves up to buy the home. He it is who supports the family and puts up with an imitation hotel existence because his wife insists on following her career—of typist.

Generous-hearted man, it is clear, is imposed upon by wily woman.

Woman should never have been allowed to leave the confines of domesticity. Not only was she less dangerous there—she was definitely useful.

Woman was allowed to escape from domesticity, and, like a dangerous lunatic at large, she has been—possibly unintentionally—pursuing a destructive course ever since. Her "equality" has simply meant that she is doing jobs that man can perform far more effectively; that home-life is decaying; the birth-rate decreasing and man becoming effeminised.

Is that not a black list?

If it is not to be increased, woman must be sent back home. She was meant to be wife and mother. Why blink the fact? Is there anything shameful in it? Of course not!

Woman has a natural vocation. So has man. Only when each follows that natural vocation will the nation have cause for hope

The Madras Mail

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

I have heard one or two Indian ladies despise the use of white *saris* "I hate white saris," they say, "because I look just like an Ayah in them."

I do not however, agree with this view ; for white, particularly suits our Indian women. One has but to visit Malabar, where almost every one wears white, to realise the truth of this fact. Of course, if the lady who wears a white *sari*, ties it in that particularly slovenly way, which has become so common with Ayahs, and does her hair in that same tight knot, then, naturally, she may resemble one of that species, and she has no one to thank for this resemblance, but herself. A well-draped white *sari*, however, looks very charming, indeed.

White Benares *saris*, with gold borders, suit fair women very well. For ordinary use, and for working women, white cotton *saris* woven in India, with coloured borders, look very neat and becoming. But, in this case, the wearer must make sure that her *sari* always looks fresh and clean. If it is crumpled and not ironed out, it looks decidedly untidy.

Sometimes, it will not be a bad idea to wear blouses of the same colour as the borders of the *saris* ; and, as a change from the inevitable gold chain which is almost always found round the neck of an Indian woman, it would do no harm to try the effect of a string of beads that match the border of the *sari.* A white blouse and a white *sari* with, say a red border and a simple string of red beads, ought to look very effective. This does not, however mean that I advocate the use of cheap ornaments, instead of those of real value. I merely make this suggestion of wearing beads, as a welcome change in the costume of working women. After all, a little variety in the way one dresses never does any harm.

Some women go to the other extreme of wearing no other colour but white, and it is rather sad to see them discard the use of colours altogether, especially as wearing bright and deep colours has been an Oriental custom for ages. Our Indian women should dress according to their moods, and wear white when they feel like it, and colours, when they feel in a gayer and more sprightly mood.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. MY SUNSHADE

I had a little sunshade
T'was pink and white and green
And when I walked beneath it
I felt I was a queen.

For, do you know that sunshade
Was wonderfully sweet;
A wizard must have made it,
D'you know that it could speak ?

If often told me stories
Of princesses and kings,
Of motor cars and buses,
And carriages with wings.

But now that dear old sunshade
Has faded quite away;
It used to be all nice and clean, but
T'is brown and white today.

NITA FONSECA
(Aged eleven years).

2 THE LAYING OF MIRANDA'S GHOST.

"Don't believe him, Pet darling, he is only teasing you," said young Sybil to her sister Miranda, a shy quiet girl about 12 years old.

She had beautiful golden hair and large blue eyes and her whole expression was one of gentleness. What a contrast to mischievous, black-eyed black-haired Sybil, her sister.

Their father had been telling them a ghost story connected with the big weird castle in which they lived.

The castle had a sad appearance and it was said that a "Ghost" walked there in the night. Sybil of course did not believe it, but Miranda, otherwise "Pet," so called on account of her quiet shy ways, was very frightened. As luck would have it, it was the day off for Nancy, their old nurse, who usually slept near them in the night.

The Ghost resembled a picture they had in their gallery of a beautiful maiden, with lovely hair falling in waves of fairy gold down to her slender waist. In the picture, she had on a blue dress, of the pattern worn by Elizabethan ladies.

But when she "walked" at midnight, round and in and out of the house, moaning and groaning, she wore a white dress.

That night, Pet, unable to get sleep, got out of bed and closed the door softly behind her and walked down the corridor.

She was walking along, when she touched with her foot some secret spring which gave away, and with a piercing scream she fell down, down into the wine cellar.

The sight she saw made her give another piercing scream for, there in the wine cellar was a man, with a big bundle of things stolen from various rooms.

The thief started guiltily and, seeing a white figure and hearing the screams, dropped his booty and fled, for the idea of a ghost had come into his mind.

At the same time Sybil woke up with Pet's screams, the echo of which resounded through the rooms, got out of bed, determined to find the cause, and was going out, when a white figure, limping and groaning came up the stair leading to Sybil's room; closer and closer came the ghoslty figure and Sybil stood there, paralysed with fear, listening to the uncanny groaning.

The figure lifted its head and there—beneath a mass of golden hair—was the face of Pet.

Sybil ran forward and said, "what is the matter, Pet?" "Oh, my-leg! my-leg!" moaned Pet.

When Pet had been safely got into bed, she told Sybil about her midnight adventure and Sybil exclaimed, "I nearly mistook you for the ghost, Pet."

Next day, their father Sir Philips, heard the story and said "I am proud of you, Pet, for you have saved some valuable things."

"No more ghost-hunting for me," said Pet whose ankle was sprained; "Nor night-walking for me" said Sybil.

Susy Chandy
(Aged twelve years)

3 THE POTTER AND THE CLAY.

For, in the Market-place, one dusk of day,
I watched the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"
Omar Khayyam.

Imperious Caesar dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the draught away.
Shakespeare.

Palissy, the clever, stained-glass window craftsman, who made maps and plans of estates and measured hills, also became a potter of great note, for he discovered the secret of a wonderful glaze for his ware. One day, as he moulded the wet clay, he sang in glee. How gloriously it yielded to his magic touch. What wizardry of Art was his! Suddenly, the clay exclaimed. "Do not use me with such violence, Sir, for though I am at your service, you should have some

respect for my composition and dignity! I was mineral years ago. I was once part of a plant. I helped to form the body of a worm and a cow, and last I was in the heart of a physician In fact minute particles of me have been all round the Universes!"

"What you once were, does not in the least affect me; my business is to mould you into a place of Palissy ware, that shall bring me fame!" exclaimed the great potter.

Moral: Even Matter is striving to become Spirit.

HERBERT PORTER.

4. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

On looking through an old volume of the *Indian Ladies, Magazine*, I came across an article on "Practical applications of kindness to animals," and I thought it would not be a bad idea to say a few words on the subject All of us, who have the smallest spark of mercy in us, know that it is essential to be kind to animals, but many of us do not go far beyond the mere utterance of this fact. We realise that it is wicked to be cruel to the poor dumb creatures around us, and perhaps, we refrain from being harsh to animals ourselves, but we do not do anything practical really and truly to help animals. For instance, there are so many of us who see a cruel thing being done to a helpless suffering creature, and we pass by, and forget the unhappy incident, without trying to exert the least little energy to prevent such cruelty.

Let me give you a few suggestions in which you may be able to help animals;—

(*a*) Most of you keep pets in your house, such as dogs, cats, etc. See that these are happy and in good condition. A great deal of care is needed to look after your pets. They must be kept clean, and such diseases like mange, and sores should be prevented from taking hold of them. They must be fed well,but not to such an extent that their health suffers, and they must be treated with kindness. You must talk to them, and fondle them every now and then, so that they may know that they are really appreciated and may, in return, love you and be faithful to you

So many families keep dogs merely to guard the house, and they tie them up the whole day, and let them out only at night. Alas, the cruelty of this inhuman habit! Have not dogs as much pleasure in living as human beings? What right have we to curb the freedom of dumb animals, merely because they may be unable to protest against the injustice which is being done to them? I have known families, in which dogs are kept tied up the whole

day in a filthy condition, and just given the necessary food for them to be kept alive. At night, they are let loose; and, if by chance they come into the house before the inmates have retired to bed, they are shouted at and driven out. I hope, children, you will try to prevent such things from happening in your house.

(*b*) Many of you have out-door pets, even if you do not possess indoor pets. Cows, horses and goats are capable of becoming very friendly indeed, and respond very quickly to kindness So many people are apt to forget the existence of out-door animals, merely because they are kept for some useful purpose, and do not come into the house. The care of a cow, for instance, is left entirely in the hands of the servants, who you know are inclined to be cruel when they are not checked. It will not take up much of your time to keep an eye on these animals, and see that they are well looked after. Sometimes, milk-men leave their cows in the rain the whole day long, and the poor beast stands in the pouring deluge, and gazes all round with beseeching eyes for someone to come and rescue it. You could easily prevent such things from happening by merely ordering one of your servants to take the beast into shelter.

(*c*) It is often an enjoyable sport among children, especially boys, to destroy birds' nests, and imprison birds. I cannot realise how children can enjoy such cruel fun, but the fact remains that almost every boy just loves pulling down nests, shooting at birds for the mere sport of having them as a target, and caging the captives. Perhaps, I sound too sentimental when I ask you to try and prevent such things from being done, but there are so many other enjoyable things in life where one can have fun without the necessity of hurting other live creatures, that it seems a shame to seek sport among dumb things that feel pain.

Animals, as so many of us know, can be as good friends as human beings sometimes. Try, therefore, to make friends with them and to be kind and gentle to them. A spirit, that wishes to do no harm to any living being, is the essential characteristic which we have to develop, and this can only be achieved, when we are gentle and loving to all those we come in contact with, whether they be animals or human beings.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XXV. JAUNDICE.

Jaundice is by no means uncommon in children It may occur in children, but is comparatively rare under 3 years. The

majority of cases of jaundice, as in adults, is due no doubt to an inflammation of the bile duct and its tributaries, causing thereby a partial obstruction to the flow of bile which thereby gets re-absorbed. Errors in diet, chiefly excessive quantities of fatty and meat foods, and alcohol, which is given by some parents in considerable quantities at a very early age, or exposure to cold, and emanations from foul drains or from collections of decomposing animal matter, may all cause this kind of jaundice. There is another form, in which there is no obstruction to the flow of bile at all, but the jaundice is present, due to blood conditions, such as malarial affections.

The characteristic symptoms of jaundice are usually preceded for 3 or 4 days by head-ache, illness, loss of appetite, uneasiness in the stomach and a tendency to nausea. The tongue is large and is covered with white fur and the breath is offensive. The characteristic golden staining is first seen in the eyes, then on the lips, the hard palate, the corners of the mouth, the temples and the forehead. A little later it becomes evident over the body and lastly on the extremities. The urine contains bile pigment and is highly coloured, the colour varying from greenish yellow to dark brown. This may sometimes be the first symptom. Stools have an offensive odour and are clay-coloured, owing to the absence of bile. The child is much depressed and inclined to be drowsy There is generally no fever.

Treatment.—Every effort should be made to promote appetite and improve digestion. Unpleasant and nauseating drugs should be altogether avoided The diet should be very simple, the best results being derived from one consisting exclusively of milk or skimmed milk or milk whey. In grown-ups, who are used to starchy food (rice), the starch should be replaced by malted foods. Butter-milk can be given. Meat and broths and fats of all description should be given up. As a beverage, freshly-made lemonade or lemonade made with barley water may be permitted, but alcoholic drinks should be forbidden. Plain water can be drunk in any quantities. Constipation should be attended to, but violent drugs should not be used.

By way of medicine, a one-tenth grain of calomel is a capital remedy. It has a distinct action on bile, and at the same time opens the bowels. It can be obtained in pills from Messrs Burroughs Wellcome, or from any chemists. The usual *Gorochanam* pills also can be used with benefit.

In malarial jaundice, anti-malarial treatment should be adopted in addition.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

VEGETABLE GARDENS.

EVERY housewife should strive to have a vegetable garden in her compound Generally, in Indian households, most of the energy and interest in gardening is concentrated on the development of a flower garden, or a fruit orchard, and very few people take the trouble to plant a vegetable garden. This is rather a pity; for the pleasure which a vegetable garden affords to the members of the house is indeed great, and the joy which they realise when they pluck the vegetables from the trees with their own hands, and later when they point out the various cooked dishes to their guests as made of vegetables produced from their own garden, is indeed a treat worth experiencing.

The housewife can easily see to the management of a vegetable garden, and she will soon find that it is a hobby worth having. A plot should be chosen at the back of the house, where it is neither too prominent nor too secluded, and if necessary, should be neatly railed round. Beds should be dug inside this enclosure, with a space for people to walk round them. They should be dug deep, and be well-manured, and then, various seeds should be sown in them, of all the popular vegetables, both Indian and English.

The housewife will soon find that it is not very difficult to grow a vegetable garden ; but if she finds trouble in cultivating the various plants and wishes to have hints to help her, she has but to buy a book on gardening and obtain the necessary information.

A vegetable garden is an asset to any household, and Indian women will find that their zest in life will increase, if together with a flower garden, they also see personally to the management of a vegetable garden. Gardening is one of the most interesting hobbies we can have.

PADDY.

OUR COOKERY NOTES

(TRANSLATED).

Pakoda (Onions).—Take onions 5 palams, green chillies $1\frac{1}{4}$ palams, ginger $\frac{1}{2}$ palm. Cut these into small pieces, after peeling the onions and ginger and taking away the stems of the chillies. Place in a vessel. Add ghee $2\frac{1}{2}$ palams, Bengal gram flour $\frac{1}{4}$ measure, rice powder $\frac{1}{2}$ measure. These should be well mixed with the things in the vessel. 1 palam of salt should be diluted in $\frac{1}{16}$ meas-

ure of water, and this salt water with $\frac{3}{16}$ measure of cold water should be added, and the whole mixed up, with 2½ palams of Cashew nut, which should be cut into small pieces. 7½ palams of good ghee should be boiled in an iron vessel. Small quantities of the above mixture, (as big as an areca nut) should be put into the ghee and taken out when fried.

Sugar Boli.—Powdered wheat ½ measure, ghee ¼ palam, and 2½ palams of rice flour should be well mixed in water, and put into a mortar and crushed. 1 palam of ghee and ½ palam of rice should be added. The mixture should be made into small balls like a lime and then flattened into cakes. White sugar 20 palams, Cardamom powder ¼ palam, roasted *Kasakasa* 2½ palam, should be mixed together and kept separately. The flat cakes should be cooked on an iron plate over an oven. When almost done, two or three tablespoons of the sugar mixture should be powdered on the roasted cakes, which should then be folded into rolls.

A Sari Border.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

HEALTH NOTES

DANCING CONDUCIVE TO LONGEV TY

That dancing is conducive to longevity is suggested by Ted Shawn, a well-known dancer, in the *Dance Magazine*. "On your eighty-eighth birthday," he asks, "will you be able to bend over backwards and touch your head to the floor between your feet ?" In Japan, he saw Madame Katayama, head of the Katayama guild of dancers, perform just this feat on her eighty-eighth birthday. He is careful to stipulate that by dancing he does not mean "the perambulations of the ball-room floor, or the movements of the vaudeville and musical comedy stage, nor even the perversions of the ballet, given over to violent repetitions of a difficult step to wring applause from a reluctant audience." What he does mean is "the use of the entire body in joyous and beautiful rhythmic gesture."—*G H.*

THE USE OF COFFEE A CAUSE OF INDIGESTION

That the use of tea and coffee is a common cause of dyspepsia is an observation made by all experienced physicians. At a meeting of the British Medical Association, an eminent physician from Australia testified that dyspepsia from the use of tea and coffee is very common in that country. Sir William Roberts showed that both tea and coffee, even in small proportions, prevent the action of saliva upon starch, thus producing one of the most common forms of indigestion. The writer has demonstrated the correctness of these observations, both by experiment and clinically, having recorded a great number of cases in which grave disorders of digestion were evidently due to the use of tea and coffee

It is well known that caffein excites undue activity of the acid-forming glands of the stomach. The writer was once consulted by an eminent surgeon with reference to a persistent and painful hyper-acidity from which he suffered greatly. He stated that he had tried all sorts of remedies with no benefit A few weeks later, when again meeting the doctor, we found him very happy in the fact that he had discovered the cause of his indigestion to be coffee, and, having discontinued its use, he was entirely relieved of the distress from which he had suffered for several years.

TEN POINTS IN POSTURE.

Health as well as beauty is to be found in correct carriage, and many disorders of the human body are due in whole or in part to poor posture, according to Dr. Philip Lewin, a writer in *Hygeia*, who adds that in many cases poor posture is a result of habit. To remedy the defect, Doctor Lewin lists the following ten commandments :

1. Stand tall
2. Sit tall
3. Walk tall and chesty with weight transmitted to balls of feet,
4. Draw in abdomen, pulling it backward and upward.
5. Keep shoulders high and square.
6. Pull chin straight backward toward collar button.
7. Flatten hollow of back by rolling pelvis downward and backward.
8. Separate shoulders from hips as far as possible.
9. Lie tall and flat.
10. Think tall.

NEURALGIA AND MYALGIA BY CHILLING DURING SLEEP: ITS PREVENTION.

Beyer (*Munch. Med. Woch.*) asserts that neuralgia and myalgia are most easily contracted when the body is at rest, especially during sleep. The blood pressure, the pulse rate and the oxygen intake are considerably reduced during sleep. If a person is not sufficiently protected against drafts or cold, or if a part of the body becomes uncovered, the chilling usually leads to neuralgia or myalgia. To prevent these conditions, care should be taken that the sleeping room is well-ventilated. Drafts are to be avoided The author points out that night-dresses often do not cover the body sufficiently. Especially during the colder seasons, the bedcover as well as the night-dress should be heavy enough to prevent chilling. —*J. A. M. A.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

HOSTEL FOR WOMEN, AHMEDABAD.

The hostel for women, started in Ahmedabad three years ago, will re-open from 15th June. Women students of all communities and studying in any educational institutions of Ahmedabad are admitted. Miss Indirabai Bhagvat, B. A. (Oxon) is superintendent of the hostel Lady Ramanbhai, Mrs. Sharda Mehta and Mrs. Ambalal Sarabhai are on the managing committee of the hostel. It is situated behind the Gujarat College hostel near Ellis Bridge. Free air, excellent surroundings, good management, best supervision and most healthy enviroments and atmosphere are the great advantages of this hostel. The hostel supplies a long-felt want of

girl-students of Gujarat who wish to receive higher eduation in Ahmedabad. Further particulars may be obtained from the Superintendent, Girls' Hostel, Housing Society, behind Gujarat College, Ellis Bridge, Ahmedabad.

The Indian Social Reformer.

THE NATIONAL CAUSE AND WOMEN.

An editorial note in *Stri Dharma*, written apparently before Mahatma Gandhi approved of women taking part in the campaign, testifies to the eagerness of India's daughters to serve the motherland:

"Whatever be the opinions of individual readers on the details whereby Self-Government shall become the possession of India, every woman not only in India but throughout the world must watch anxiously the result and the reaction following Mahatma Gandhi's appeal to a new method of warfare, soul-force, self-sacrifice without bloodshed or violence. It is the only alternative to ordinary war and is a supreme gesture of individual disarmament and national *ahimsa*, while refusing to submit to subjection. Women hate war: they must welcome an alternative way of achieving a desired end.

Notwithstanding that Mr, Gandhi has refused to allow women to participate in his historic march in the Independence campaign, because he explains, they "would complicate" things, women in different parts of India are not satisfied with this explanation and have protested against their arbitary exclusion when they are, many of them, just as full of health, and patriotic self-sacrifice as their marching brothers. Gandhiji has left the care of his Ashrama entirely to women. The division of sexes in a non-violent campaign seems to us unnatural, and against all the awakened conciousness of modern womanhood. In these stirring, critical days for India's destiny there should be no watertight compartments of service. Women ask that no conferences, congresses or commissions dealing with the welfare of India should be held without the presence on them of women. Similarly, women must ask that no marches, no imprisonments no demonstrations, organised for the welfare of India should prohibit women from a share in them. Rabindranath Tagore truly voices woman's place in his *Chitra*, who exclaims:

'I am Chitra, no goddess to be worshipped, nor yet the object of common pity to be brushed aside like a moth with indifference. If you deign to keep me by your side in the path of danger and daring, if you allow me to share the great duties of your life, then you will know my true self.'"

The Modern Review.

MUSLIM WOMAN'S ACHIEVEMENT.

The Muslim community may feel proud of Mrs. Iqbalunnisa Begum, of Bangalore, who has been successful in the B. A. Examination of the Mysore University. She has had a scholastic career which is probably unique in the history of female education in the Muslim community. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Gulam Mohideen Khan, of Fraser Town, a retired Superintendent of Police of Mysore, and a well-known figure in the official circle of the Civil and Military Station. She was married in the year 1913 to Mr. S. A. Hussain of the Mysore P.W.D. service. After her marriage she began her studies and in spite of conforming to the strict purdah of the community and the difficulties of managing a growing family, she joined the service of the Education Department, where she worked her way up. She passed the University Entrance Examination in 1927 and has now secured her B. A. Degree. She is the first lady in the Muslim community of Mysore to attain this distinction. Her achievement is all the more remarkable, as she is the mother of seven children, the eldest of whom is a promising student in the Intermediate Class of St. Joseph's College, Bangalore, having passed his S.S.L.C. Examination in First Class last year.

The Hindu.

THE WOMEN'S WAR

The Simon Commission's references to women's education and progress in the first volume of the Report, show both sympathy and insight. The All-India Women's Conference in particular has evoked the high appreciation of the Commissioners. Some of them attended the session of the Conference at Delhi and "were impressed both by the representative character of the gathering and by the evidence it gave of the fact that the educated women of India are realising their responsibility and their power." The Commissioners observe that "the active entry of Indian women into the arena on the side of educational and social progress is a feature of real promise." Sir John Simon and his colleagues will be interested to know that some of the prominent members of the Conference—"the vanguard of progressive women," to use their own phrase—are now in jail for participating in the satyagraha movement. The *Stri Dharma*, the official organ of the Women's Indian Association, writing of the uprising of women in the *Satygraha* movement, observes: "Because the qualities which this new form of warfare is displaying are of the nature usually characterised as feminine rather than masculine we may look on this life and death strnggle of India to be free as the Women's War. This aspect of the crisis makes the Indian question world-wide in its interest and later application." The *Stri Dharma* says,

"India is waging four struggles in one—the individual struggle against the forces of violence and hatred in the individual; secondly, the economic exploitation of the the Indian markets which can be self-contained; thirdly, the struggle against the undesired domination of an alien nation; and fourthly, the struggle against warfare by armaments and killing, such as has disgraced Western civilisation through the nine million men mutually murdered on the battle-fields of Europe." This is an original description of the *satyagraha* movement and shows how intelligently the women of India have understood it. The *Stri Dharma* concludes with an appeal to women all over the world to pray that India may be free to spin the thread of her own destiny, "so that Eastern and Western races, brothers and sisters from the same Aryan root stock, may be equal self-governing partners in the Indo-British Commonwealth of Nations." We are glad that the *Stri Dharma* has placed its stamp of approval on our suggestion that the commonwealth, in order to accommodate India, must be known, not as the British, but as the Indo-British Commonwealth of Nations.

The Indian Social Reformer.

WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

The Scientific basis of Women's Education : By the late Prof. C. M. Chiplunkar, published bv Prof. S. B. Hudlikar, Deccan Gymkhana Colony, Poona, No. 4. Price Rs. 3.

It is with a feeling of sadness that one takes up this ably written book, for it has only seen the light of day after the sudden death of the author in December 1929. It is undoubtedly an able book and one of the first on Women's Education written by an Indian who has had first-hand knowledge of Education both in the East and in the West, and it comes at a very opportune time. Women's Education is commanding much attention to-day among women and much is being written and said as to how it could most effectively be carried on.

India must face the problem of Women's Education, but whether a mere copy of Western methods will be suitable or whether it is necessary to evolve an entirely new system suitable to the conditions of India, are problems still to be thought about. No lasting good can result from merely a depreciation of Western methods. Western ideals are different from Eastern and that fact must be accepted. To merely give the impression that all Western women are Feminists and that sex-war is their sole objective is to give an entirely wrong impression. Great men of the West in their thousands have given utterance to instances where women have done great service by being good wives and mothers, and by their help

and devotion helped these men to rise to greater things, but how can any woman help any man to anything beyond a good dinner, if her intelligence has been so neglected that all she could do is to be able to cook well? Women must be educated to a certain extent along the same lines as the men are, if they are to be real helpmates, real companions and not merely unpaid cooks. This point of view must be considered, and seriously considered, by those advocates of women's education who wish that the girls of the nation need domestic science more than they need any of the other subjects which they suppose are for men alone. Domestic science is necessary, very necessary, but so is history and geography. I maintain and maintain very strongly that no woman can be a good wife and mother, who is merely an excellent cook and knows how to look after the physical needs of her husband and children. "Man does not live by bread alone," says the Great Teacher and it is a truth that every one of us, men and women, Eastern and Western, has proved many times on one's journey along life's highway.

WOMAN AS MAN'S EQUAL.

DEBATE AT THE Y. M. C. A.

Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Atheneum, a public debate was held yesterday evening on the subject: "Is Woman Man's Equal?" The opener of the debate was Mrs. Hilda Wood, and about a dozen young men took part in it. There was a large attendance and the "Observer" was Dr. (Mrs.) Muthulakshmi Reddy.

Mrs. Wood said that in Victorian times women in England laboured under all sorts of restrictions. It used to be held that men and women should move in different spheres of activity. But the war had entirely changed this view, and women in England no longer moved in a sphere of activity different from that of men. During war, the women of England had most clearly demonstrated that they could turn their hands to many things, which it used to be considered that men alone could tackle. Women's progress had been even greater in America. There, from the social point of view, there was no diffenence to-day in the way men and women were treated. Women in America could in fact take up any work they liked.

And what did all this go to prove? It went to prove that, given the opportunity, women could successfully fit themselves against men in practically every walk of life

At the same time, men and women were complements, each of the other, and neither men nor women each by themselves could keep the world going.

Almost all the young men, who took part in the discussion that followed, maintained that woman was superior to man—in fact she was the master-piece of Nature. It was also their view that women were eminently fitted for practically all of the professions open to men, and in India to-day a great effort should be made to give more opportunities to women to distinguish themselves in various walks of life. The legal disabilities of Hindu women in regard to inheritance of property should be removed.

Dr. (Mrs.) Muthulakshmi Reddy, in the course of her remarks, paid a warm tribute to the men of India for having so readily given the franchise to women. She saw signs of awakening everywhere on the part of Indian women to-day; but they were still far behind their Western sisters in point of education. This defect should be speedily remedied; and if but 50 per cent, of Indian women became educated, it would be an easy matter for India to obtain Swaraj.

LONDON INDIAN LADIES' DEMANDS.

Mrs. N. C. Sen presided over a crowded meeting of Indian women of all sections in London. It passed resolutions condemning the incarceration of Mahatma Gandhi and others and demanded that all political psisoners, including Garhwali soldiers and Meerut, be unconditionally released and repression abandoned. Any negotiations proposed at the Conference will not be recognised by the Indian people, unless Gandhiji participates.

Another resolution reminded the communal and political leaders of India that their participation in the conference in the face of national opinion would add one more to those acts of perfidy and betrayal of the motherland which have enslaved the whole nation.

The resolutions were supported by Hindu, Moslem, Christian and Parsee ladies.

A meeting of Indian women, held in the Society of Friends House, at Euston, adopted a resolution, urging the immediate and unconditional release of Messrs Gandhi and Subash Bose, the Garhwalis and the Meerut and other political prisoners and the abandonment of the repressive policy, affirming that Indians would not recognise the Round Table Conference unless Mr Gandhi participated in it and declaring that the participation of others, in the face of the opposition of the Congress and while Mr Gandhi and others were in prison, would be regarded as a betrayal.

Mrs. N. C Sen, presiding, paid a tribute to the part the women were taking in the present campaign which was a revelation to the world and expressed the opinion that, if the people of Bri-

tain were left to make their own decision, India would not remain long in bondage.—*The Madras Mail.*

NATIONALITY OF MARRIED WOMEN.

An international question of fundamental importance to women is being discussed at the International Conference on the Codification of International Law being held just now at the Hague Peace Palace in Holland. American women are particularly elated because President Hoover has chosen one American woman to go as delegate and another as technical adviser for the U. S. A. thus creating a new precedent for their country. It is expected that the Conference will establish an international law which will give married women the right to choose whether they retain their own nationality of birth, or change it to that of another country according to its naturalisation laws, but not that a woman must take on the nationality of her husband whether she wishes it or not, as is the present case. It is absurd that a woman should have to renounce her nationality, just because she marries a man of another race. Nobody asks him to renounce his nationality. Nationality is a dignity of the human individual as important to women as to men, and it is part of women's liberation from sex serfdom that she shall have the right to choose to what nationality she shall belong.

Stri Dharma.

WOMEN'S CLAIMS.

A complaint that women were being disregarded in the recent trend of colonial policy was made by Mrs. Corbet Ashby.

Presiding over the Conference of the British Commonwealth League, which considered especially Empire problems, she remarked that the most notable tendency of colonial policy had been an effort to associate native form of Government brought in force from outside. Britain was no longer convinced that a form of Government elaborated by her necessarily suited other races.

Commenting on this development, Mrs. Ashby counselled the League to exercise vigilance on account of the attitude displayed towards women. "Governor's wives remind me of curate's wives." She said they are called on to second the efforts of husbands, to show interest in girls' schools, women's prisons, women staffs of hospitals and, generally, to be kind in understanding. But not for a moment are they to have responsibilty of their own. Nor is any woman other than a wife expected to take a share. Indeed, the highly-trained women who had done years of service are promptly dismissed on marriage. Great efforts are made to prevent the oppression of women.

During the discussion, an Australian delegate criticised the award made to Miss Amy Johnson and urged she ought to have been elevated to the peerage. If we had protested against it, declared an Australian lady, we should have taken a definite step forward for women's rights.

A resolution was adopted urging the opening to women of all professions.—*Reuter.*

MIXED BATHING CRAZE IN LONDON

The Irish girl Miss Kathleen Murphy, who lives at Pinner, achieved the honour of being the first woman permitted to have a dip in the Serpentine. Mixed bathing began officially at 4-30 on Monday afternoon and there was a keen competition for the medal offered by the Serpentine Swimming Club for the first woman to enter water. In her determination to be the first, Miss Murphy took up a position at the entrance to the bathing huts at 5 in the morning and remained waiting in chilly weather nearly 12 hours. Two other girls arrived about 10 and there were a large number present an hour before the official opening time. Punctually to the second Miss Murphy plunged in amid the cheers of the crowd of some thousands that had assembled to watch the opening.

Mr. George Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works, to whose initiative mixed bathing is due, visited the Serpentine while bathing was in progress and declared himself "delighted with the happy spirit that prevaded the scene."

MRS. CHURCHILL ON VICTORIAN SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Some of the outward differences between the schoolgirl of a quarter of a century ago and the girl of to-day were indicated by Mrs. Winston Churchill at the prize distribution at North Foreland School for Girls. In a happy speech, she contrasted the proceedings with similar annual gatherings at her own school twenty-five years ago.

The schoolgirls of what she described in dubious tone as "the good old days" were, Mrs. Churchill said, very demure in their demeanour on such important occasions, for which a strict code of dress and deportment was prescribed. For one thing, it was decreed that those over seventeen years of age must have their hair "up". Then, their gowns—frocks were gowns in those days—must, it was ordained, touch the floor in front and trail six inches on the ground at the back.

But the independent initiative of the girls manifested itself in various ways as a result of decisions arrived at by them in "committee meetings." They agreed, among other things, to wear stiff

tafetta petticoats which, they knew would make an appropriate and impressive rustle as they walked up to the platform to receive their prizes.

Moreover, the question of the waist—an important aspect of the matter in those days—was solemnly debated, and it was decided that no girl's waist should measure more than eighteen inches.

These reminiscenes, narrated in a lively vein, were listened to with immense merriment by the girls as well as by the parents, present.

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